STAR TREK

SHUT-UPS

VIDEO GAMES

GREAT EXCUSES

DIGITAL POSTER

BUY ME !

CRACKED®

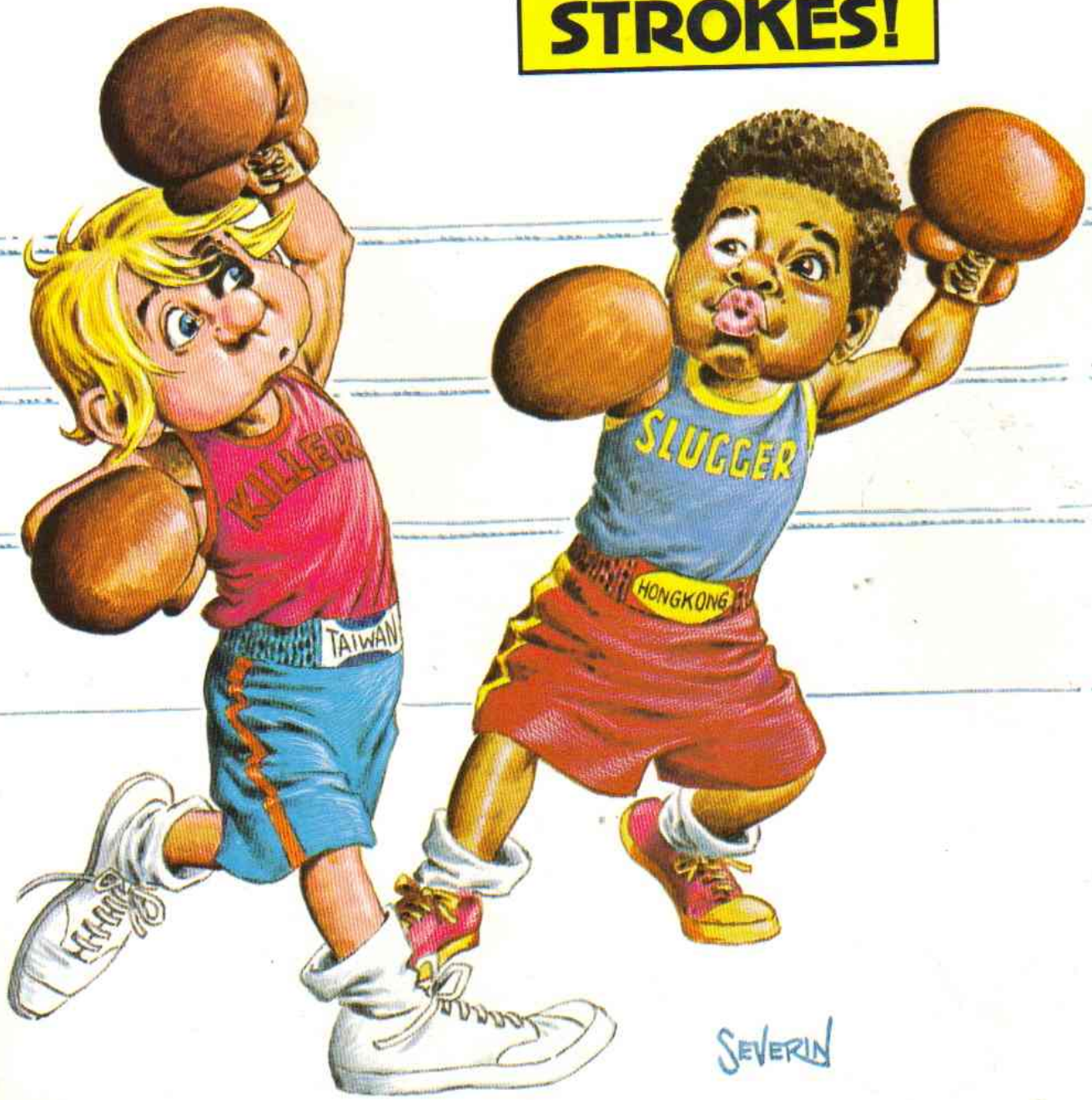
14254

90¢

JANUARY 1982 No. 184

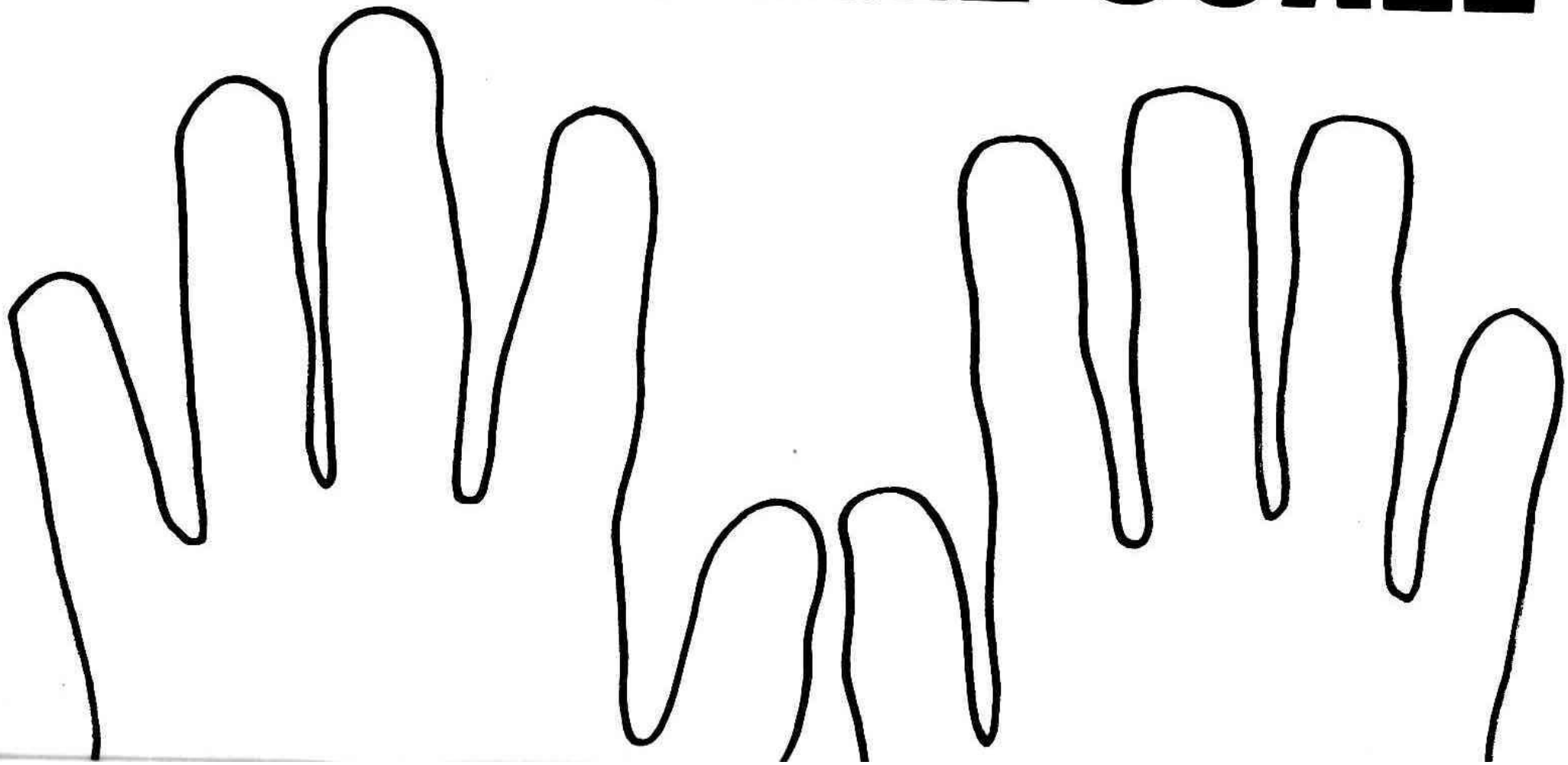
In This Issue . . .

WE KAYO DIFF'RENT STROKES!



01
0 74674 14254

THE WORLD'S FIRST DIGITAL WALL SCALE



CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1982 No. 184

WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

ROBERT C. SPROUL, publisher
MARION SPROUL, editor
JOE CATALANO, contributing editor
ELAINE OZIMOK, production assistant

RANDY EPLEY, STEVE DOROBA,
ANDY LAMBERTI, JOHN LANGTON,
VONICE BRADY, writers
JOHN SEVERIN, SURURI GUMEN
WARREN SATTLER, CHARLIE RODRIGUES,
BILL WARD, SAMUEL WHITEHEAD,
DON OREHEK, BILL DUBAY,
JOHN LANGTON, BILL MAUL,
MIKE RICIGLIANO, artists
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor
FOR RENT, PrufF RRfdr

CONTENTS

DIFF'RENT STROKES
. . . or what's black and white and read all over! 6

SORRY! NOT THIS TIME!
. . . or what the moron said when he threw the clock out the window! 28

THE JAY WALK
. . . or why the chicken didn't cross the road! 37

HOW DENTISTS CAN IMPROVE BUSINESS
. . . or please stop at 2:30 (tooth hurty)! 16

FUTURE AT HOME MERCHANDISING PARTIES
And you thought Tupperware parties were a joke! 38

SHUT-UPS
The "I-rate" entertainment section! 50

FREE BONUS POSTER!
Carefully detach complete cover at staples and poster is ready for hanging!

STAR DREK – THE LAST HURRAH
More of CRACKED'S ENTERPRISE-ing entertainment! 30

THE CRACKED INTERVIEWS
A look at the man who **owns** the pigskin! 45

CRACKED LOOK AT A PARENT-TEACHER CONFERENCE
Did you know there's **no class** when school's **out**! 21

CRACKED WORLD OF VIDEO GAMES
A look at all those 'quarter eaters'! 22

CRACKED LENS
CRACKED'S feature **develops** again! 12

CRACKED'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GREAT EXCUSES
Never be dumbfounded again! 18

CRACKED'S CARTOON SHOWCASE
Featuring Bill Maul! 40

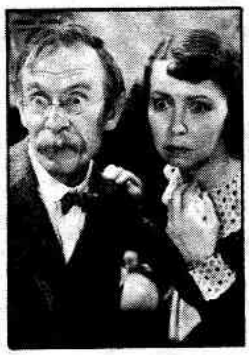
CRACKED TV ADDICTS
For Boob Tube Watchers Anonymous! 42

CRACKED WORD PLAY
More challenging word puzzles! 26

CRACKED Magazine (USPS 801 000) is published monthly except February, April and June by Major Magazines, a division of Candar Publishing Corporation, 235 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10003. Single copy price 90¢; in Canada 1.00. Subscription (9 issues) in the United States and possessions is $8.10; outside U.S.A. $11.00. Subscriptions orders, inquiries concerning subscriptions and change of address to be sent to: CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1160, Dover, New Jersey 07801. Mailing labels should accompany inquiries and change of address advice. Allow 10 weeks for processing subscriptions and for effective response to above. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE is paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: send change of address to CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1160, Dover, New Jersey 07801.

Copyright © 1981 by Major Magazines, a division of Candar Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in the U.S. Patent Office. Publisher cannot be responsible for unsolicited letters, manuscripts or artwork although every effort will be made to return such matter when accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES.

Workin' out at the local gym, heh fellas! Looks like you guys are really using *different strokes* this time!



LETTUCE from our Readers

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,
A friend told me that CRACKED is making a motion picture. Can you tell me what it will be called and when it will appear?

David Stern
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear David,
Your friend must mean our forthcoming TV show. It will probably be called "THE CRACKED SHOW" and will be aired on cable TV sometime next year. A movie? Hey, that's a thought.

Dear CRACKED,
Have any big names ever written for CRACKED?

Bill Beyer
San Diego, Ca

Dear Bill,
Indeed . . . Anthony Laslitzobagosky for one !

Dear CRACKED,
When I lived in Venezuela I read a magazine called "Mundo Loco". Now I live in the U. S. and read CRACKED. It's the same ! I'm confused. Can you help me?

Martin Paros
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Martin,
Easy ! "Mundo Loco" is the Spanish language edition of CRACKED. Incidently, CRACKED is published in other languages.

Dear CRACKED,
I love your magazine. It's so funny. I hope someday you'll write a magazine for the president to see.

Christina Blakely
Valdosta, Ga

Dear Christina,
We have, but we think he was more interested in Bonzo's Bedtime story at the time.

Dear CRACKED,
In the July 1981 GIANT CRACKED FUN-KIT was the first Flip-the-Faces J.R. Ewing or Ronald Reagan? I bet my cousin $5.00 it was J.R.

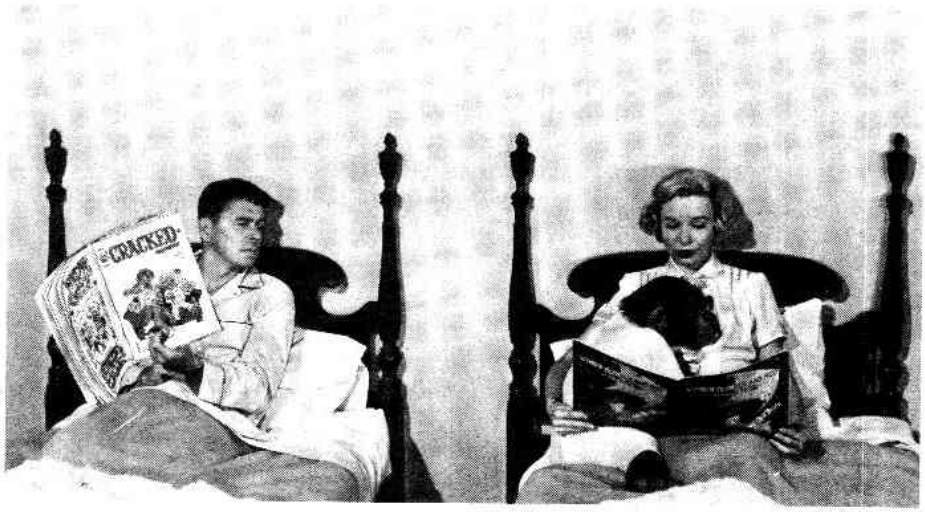
Eric Thornton
Norfolk, Va

Dear Eric,
How about you bet us $5.00? It was Reagan. J.R. appears in Flip-the-TV-Faces in EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED on sale 10/20. Now you can compare them.

Dear CRACKED,
Did any of your artists or writers go to Yale?

Virginia Wood
Kansas City, Mo

Dear Virginia,
Yes, George Gladir. He went there one day looking for wrappers for his gum wrapper belt.



Dear CRACKED,
Did you know that if you held last month's cover up to a light and laid your hand on top of it, you could see the outline of your hand right through it ! Bravo to Severin for another brilliant special effect.

Mark Favell
New Fairfield, Conn.

Dear Mark,
Check out this month's covers for more special effects. You should be able to see a hand outline when you hold it up to a light without even putting your hand over the cover !

Dear CRACKED,
Do you think CRACKED will ever become a weekly?

Linda Schacca
Austin, Texas

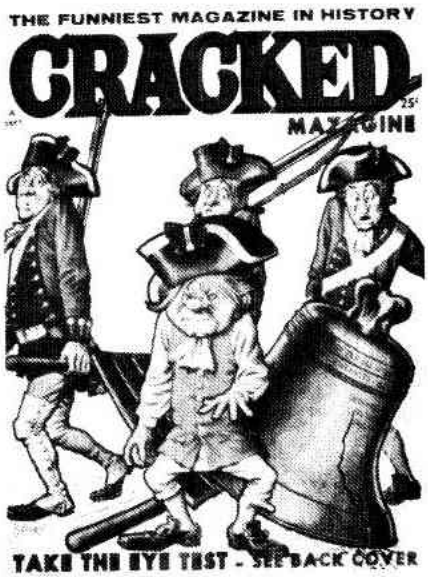
Dear Linda,
We doubt it. It sometimes takes our writers that long just to find their desks after a long weekend.

Dear CRACKED,
Diff'rent Strokes is my favorite TV show. Arnold is the cutest thing ! Would you do another satire of this great show?

Arlene Simpson
Ocala, Fla.

Dear Arlene,
See page 6.

NEXT ISSUE - CRACKED #185
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
DECEMBER 15th



Dear CRACKED,
I've been collecting CRACKED for years and have every issue since issue #5, except for issue #31. Do you know where I can get one? How much should it cost?

Ron Marcot
Boston, Mass.

Dear Ron,
We have no idea where you might obtain this issue. The price is determined by rarity. Collecting magazines has become a very profitable occupation. Good luck.

Dear CRACKED,
I know about the saboteurs, but this strange little Siamese-looking cat pops up everywhere. What does it mean?

Joe Wassil
Oxford, Mich.

Dear Joe,
We're not quite sure about that black & White cat ourselves. We think he may be part of the investigators and saboteurs chase, but we're not sure who he belongs to. The cat looks like half saboteur and half investigator. We hope to find out more soon.

Dear CRACKED,
I am a sci-fi buff, and cannot understand why you haven't made satires on "Alien" . . . or "Star Trek". Come on you guys; get it together.

Jack Cromwell
Tucson, Az

Dear Jack,
We present Star Trek in this issue . . . with guest appearances of Wonder Woman, the Talking Blob. Oh, you can see for yourself in this issue. A CRACKED version of "Alien" is in CRACKED GIANT FUN-KIT on sale now.

*A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM BOB SPROUL **

HERE'S $1.80

OUR ACCOUNTANT IS A TIGHTWAD!

For years I've been asking the accountant to give our subscribers a break. (Most magazines offer money saving subscriptions.) He always stopped adding up figures just long enough to say "We can't afford it!"

Last week the old skinflint went on vacation, and I decided (heh! heh!) to put one over on him!

Now this is between us! (For gosh sakes, don't let moneybags find out!)

Until Stingy gets back from vacation, I am giving all new subscribers a $1.80 discount!

That's right! Subscribe and save $1.80.

But hurry! He's due back soon, and he may never go on vacation again!

Our Accountant

SAVE $1.80! (But Don't Tell Him!)

*CRACKED'S GENEROUS PUBLISHER

CRACKED MAGAZINE — SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
P. O. BOX 1160
DOVER, NEW JERSEY 07801

Yeah, let's show that old skinflint! Here's my nine dollars. Send me 12 issues at this unheard of, never before, Big Bargain! (I promise not to tell him.) Heh! Heh!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OUTSIDE U.S.A. — $12.00 *

*Money orders and checks preferred. Canada and others outside the U.S.A. must pay with a check drawn on a U.S.A. bank or by International Money Order. Allow 10 weeks for processing subscription and for effective response to above.

2CR061

As we roam the TV dial each night looking for shows to satirize for CRACKED, we like to divide our time equally between the three networks. In fact, you can sort of detect this from the shows we've done in the past. From the ABC roster we've immortalized such smashes as "HAPPY DAYS", "LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY", "MORK AND MINDY" and "LOVE BOAT". And from CBS, we've picked apart such hits as "LOU GRANT", "ONE DAY AT A TIME", "ALICE" and "M.A.S.H.". And from NBC's list of ratings' winners we've done "DIFF'RENT STROKES", "FACTS OF LIFE", and...and...well, there *has* been a lack of hit material over at NBC. However, persistent reporters that we are, we have found yet another top ten show of NBC's to satirize for this issue —none other than that weeknight favorite

DIFF'RENT STROKES

Well, look, I'd **love** to **help** you with your problem, but I got **worries** of my own. I'm failing Health.
I thought only **old** people over the age of **20** had failing health.
Conold, can't you **hear** right. I said **failing health, not** failing health!
What you talking about?
Skip it.
Why? Didn't I do my stock line right? Didn't I wrinkle my forehead and squint my eyes just like I've been taught?
Yeah, you milked that same line for **another** laugh and got away with it for the 126th time. It's just that I got homework to do. I'm supposed to nurse this sick parrot back to health using what I learned in class.
It don't look too **good** Willus. In fact, it looks...
Let me try.
Don't **say** it Conold. I gotta get this bird healthy or I fail. Come on birdie. Eat some food.
PURENA BIRD CHOW
Whoops!
Now **look** at what you done. You probably gave him a concussion.
BOP!
Somehow Willus, I don't think he felt a thing.
Just **bug off!** Please.
O.K. O.K. I'll leave you and your talkative friend alone and go bother our housekeeper, Marmalade.
Dinner!!
Looks like we're **both** gonna bother her. I'd better put Garret back in his cage.
I wouldn't bother. He ain't goin' nowhere— 'cept maybe heaven.
So, how are you boys doing tonight?
Terrific.
Well, don't both **overwhelm** me with your **enthusiasm.** Conold, what's bugging you this week?
My height.
I'LL GET YOU, YOU LITTLE...
On, Conold. Why do you keep worrying about such a **little** problem?

Thanks a lot!
Now. Now. It's dinnertime and food always seems to have a way of making you forget your problems.
That's true.
And what are we having tonight, Marmalade?
One of Conold's favorites.
Baked **shrimp!**
Was it something I **said?**
Waaa!
No, it was something you **cooked.**
KLUNK!
Should I go after him?
"WHERE DID I GO WRONG?" ,,, MOMMA de SADE
You'd better. You know how the 3 of us just die when we're out here on the set alone without him.
There's no need to chase me. I'm back.
Conold, you look different. You look...ah...
Taller?
No, like a quart of ice cream stuffed into a pint container. What are you **doing** in that get-up anyway?
Well, I had a brainstorm. I figured if I wore clothes that were too **small** on me, people would think they looked like this because I was **outgrowing** them. Good idea dad?
Ah, **well**...ah...
SO DIMBERLY, what's **your** problem this week?
That's it. I haven't **got** one. Just because I'm not black or adopted, the writers keep **ignoring** me.
They keep giving scripts to Conold about his height and to Willus about school and that other old favorite of his—being **angry** about losing touch with his roots and wanting to go back to Harlem. I'm **dull,** daddy. If I were upset over how you were treating me, where could I threaten to run back to?
How 'bout your **room?**
Oh **sure!** That'd shake daddy up!

Hey! What's going **on?** Where'd all the **lights** go, dad?

Relax, Conold. This is just CRACKED's way of simulating the fadeouts we have showing the passage of time.

See. Now you're wearing entirely **different** clothes from the panel before because it's **tomorrow.**

Hey! **That** was pretty **neat.**

Anyone care for some breakfast?

What you got?

Strawberry **shortcake.**

Marmalade, that's **not** very nutritious.

I know. But it makes for one heck of a great **joke.**

I'm doomed! I'm gonna fail Health for **sure!**

What's wrong?

Garret's even worse off than last night. I tried giving him a bath and now he's **bald** on one side.

Garret the Parrot?

I wonder what's gonna happen? I wonder what kind of grade I'm gonna get?

Well you won't have to wait too long to find out because there goes the old passage of time again.

Did you forget to pay the electric dad?

I'll explain it to you later.

Afternoon, Marmalade.

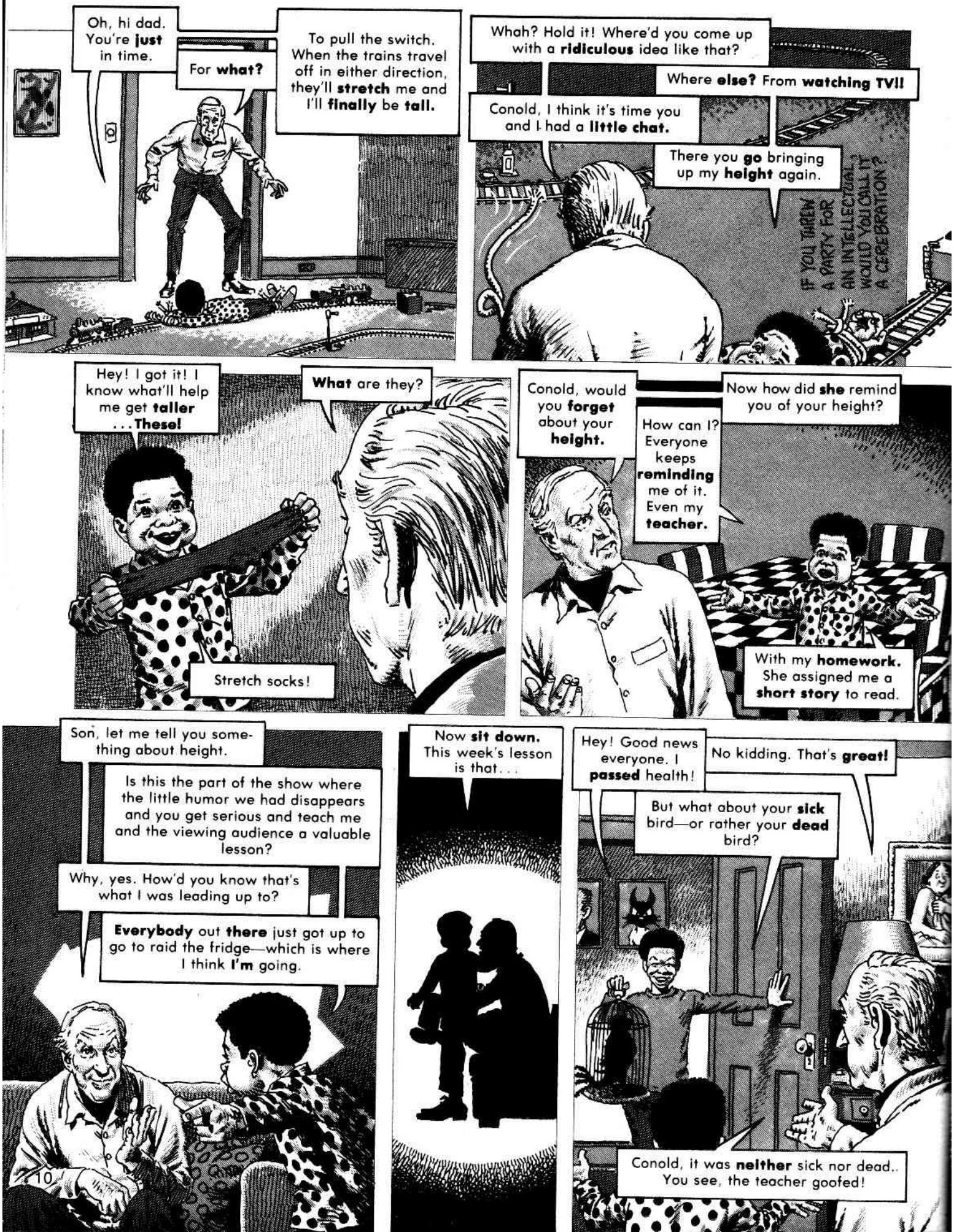
Afternoon? I'm still doing the breakfast dishes.

No you're not. During the fadeout they all **disappeared.**

Gee! Those fadeouts **sure** make housework a **lot easier.**

Are the boys home from school yet?

Just Conold. He's in the living room.

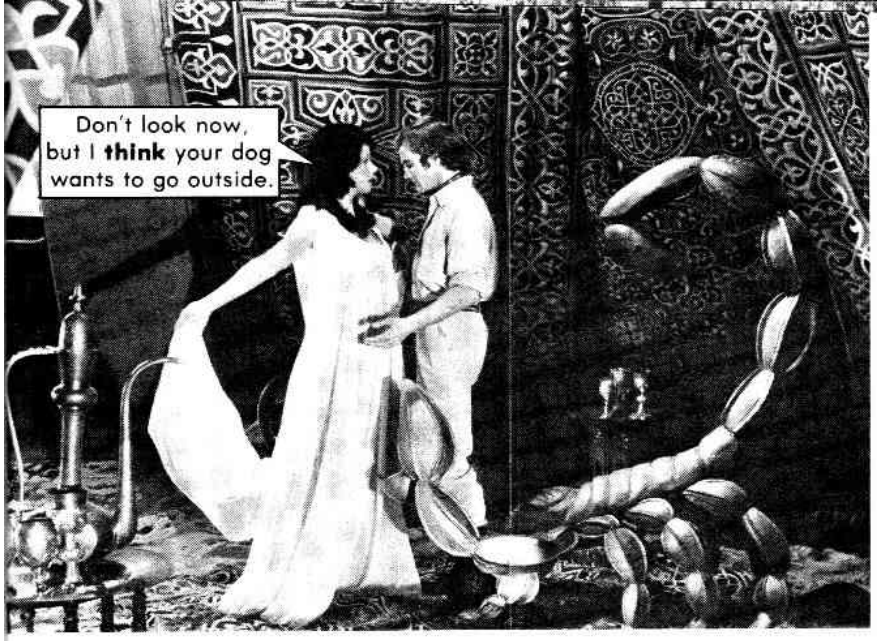

Oh, hi dad. You're **just** in time.
For **what?**
To pull the switch. When the trains travel off in either direction, they'll **stretch** me and I'll **finally** be **tall.**
Whah? Hold it! Where'd you come up with a **ridiculous** idea like that?
Where **else?** From **watching TV!!**
Conold, I think it's time you and I had a **little chat.**
There you **go** bringing up my **height** again.
IF YOU THREW A PARTY FOR AN INTELLECTUAL, WOULD YOU CALL IT A CEREBRATION?
Hey! I got it! I know what'll help me get **taller** ...**These!**
What are they?
Stretch socks!
Conold, would you **forget** about your **height.**
How can I? Everyone keeps **reminding** me of it. Even my **teacher.**
Now how did **she** remind you of your height?
With my **homework.** She assigned me a **short story** to read.
Son, let me tell you something about height.
Is this the part of the show where the little humor we had disappears and you get serious and teach me and the viewing audience a valuable lesson?
Why, yes. How'd you know that's what I was leading up to?
Everybody out **there** just got up to go to raid the fridge—which is where I think **I'm** going.
Now **sit down.** This week's lesson is that...
Hey! Good news everyone. I **passed** health!
No kidding. That's **great!**
But what about your **sick** bird—or rather your **dead** bird?
Conold, it was **neither** sick nor dead.. You see, the teacher goofed!

She gave me a paper-mache parrot by mistake. Ain't that great!
It doesn't say much for the brightness of your school's teachers...
Or the creative genius of our writers for coming up with super **surprise** endings.
WAK WAK WAK
But, it's great news. Which brings me back to you Conold.
Is this the serious part of the show?
You got it.
No wonder I was starting to feel hungry. Excuse me.
You see, Conold, **height doesn't matter.** People should be judged for what they **are,** not by how **tall** they are. The **big** rock can be just as pretty as the **small** rock and the **large** book can be just as good as the **not-so-large** book. You get what I mean, Conold? ...Conold!...
ZZZZZ
CONOLD!
Oh, very wise dad. I'll remember that—until next week when we do the same plot all over again.
Good. Just remember what I said. There's nothing **wrong** with being a **little short.**
NOK! NOK!
Are **you** Mr. Drumming?
I am.
This **check** you gave me for fixing your limo bounced. They said your account was a **little short.**
POK!
Of course, there **are** one or two exceptions when being a **little short** is **not** too good.
Dad, it's getting dark again. Does that mean more **time** is about to **pass by?**
No. It means that your father is about to **pass out.**
Oh!
TH'END

ABSOLUTELY, UNQUESTIONABLY, POSITIVELY, UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF

THE CRACKED® LENS

(and we really, really mean it this time, for sure!) Part IX

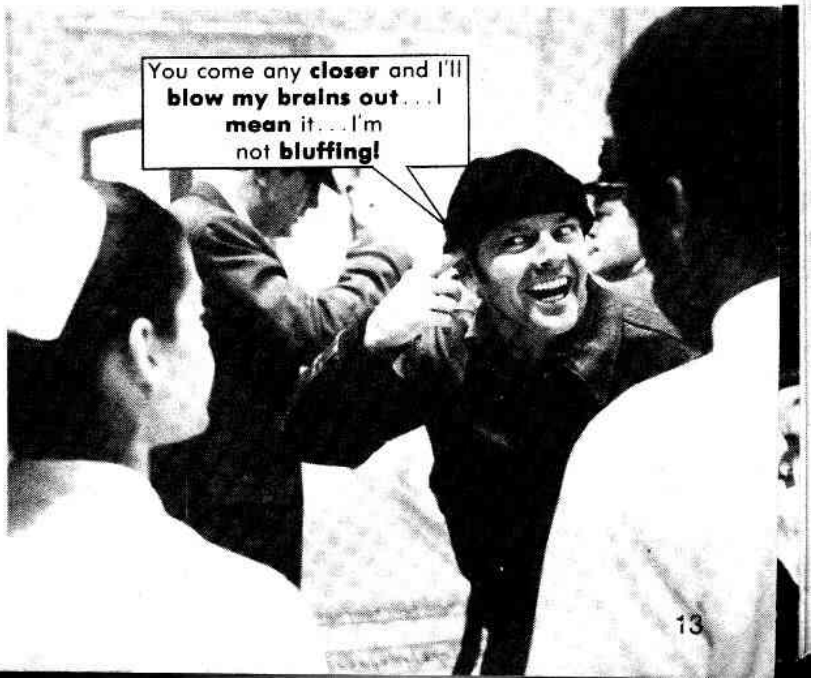

Don't look now, but I **think** your dog wants to go outside.

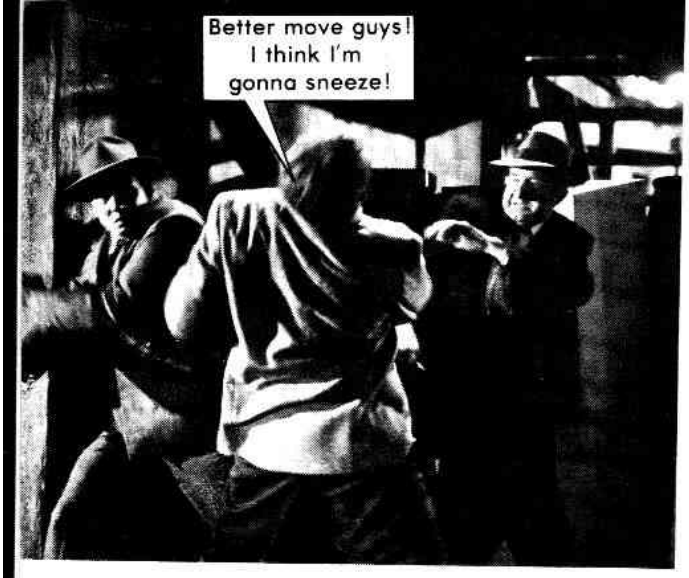
That's why I **love** New York, George. Pigeon hunting is in season **all year round.**

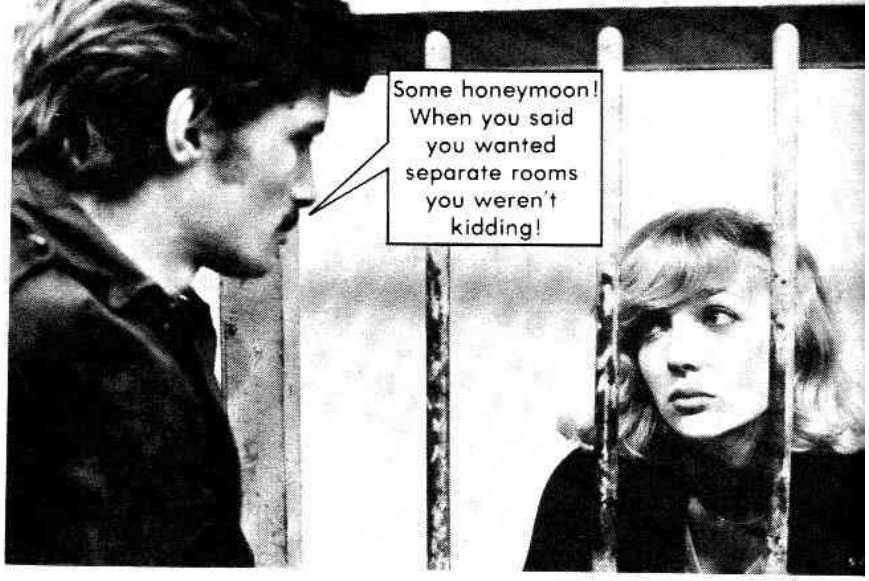
Alright! **Hold it** right there! We've got you covered!

Okay, if **that's** the way you feel— you can just **take** your **ring** back!

Alright Ralph, you win. We'll **leave** the nite lite **on**...Now come to bed!


You come any **closer** and I'll **blow my brains out**...I **mean** it...I'm not **bluffing!**

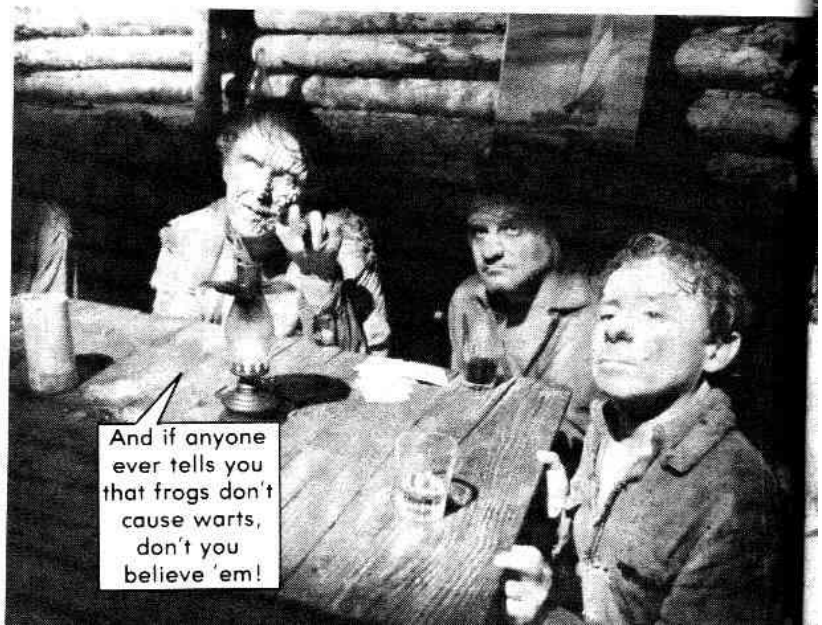

Better move guys! I think I'm gonna sneeze!


Some honeymoon! When you said you wanted separate rooms you weren't kidding!

Not bad hunting for one day. So far we've bagged a Cougar, a Falcon and now a '69 Mustang.
RRRREEEEEEEEENN!!
CRACKED

All right, you win! We'll buy Lowfat Milk!
MILK

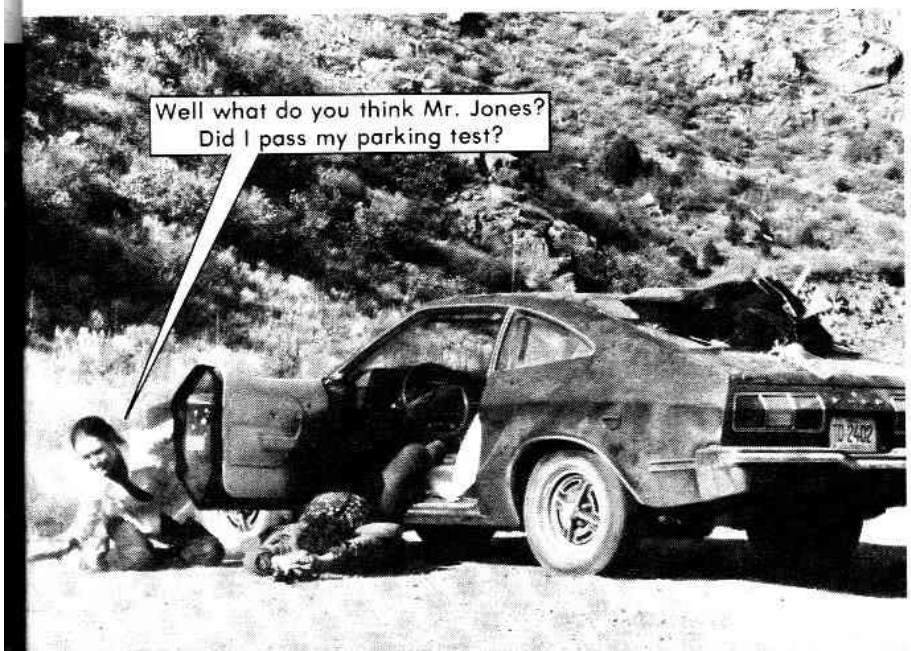
You guys are a little late, aren't you? You were supposed to be here five years ago.


And if anyone ever tells you that frogs don't cause warts, don't you believe 'em!

I suppose you men are wondering why I decided to hold this meeting in Wilson's Swamp...?

Yumpin' Yiminy! I shor am glad we dint order da Chef's Special!

You idiot! I said "heave" the grenade— not eat it!!


Well what do you think Mr. Jones? Did I pass my parking test?

Come on Jim! We don't have time to roast anymore marshmallows!

You may not believe this, but there's one profession that's suffering badly these days—dentists! They are victims of their owr of sweets, the frequency of cavities has lessened. So, what's the poor D.D.S. to do who has sunk $25,000 into his education and has come to your aid with our next article showing

HOW DENTISTS CAN

Even though the number of you-know-whats in a person's mouth is down as we pointed out in the introduction (See! You shouldn't have skipped our intro this time, smarty!), people still do find themselves going to the dentist for cleanings. So, it's up to the dentist, who wants to improve his business to make his office a more desirable place to be. How?

His waiting room can offer better reading material.

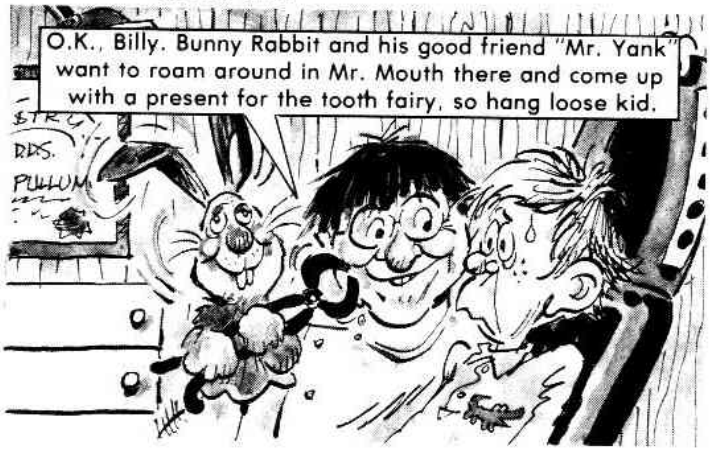
When long waits are anticipated, the dentist can also offer . . .

. . . as well as food, since people often come straight from work.

And the dentist who deals with children could also try to make the experience more enjoyable for them, by using these tips.

Instead of this . . .

A dentist could try this.



And instead of decorating his office with "dental things" . . .

The good D.D.S. can make his decor more appealing to kids.

And on holidays, the dentist should join in and celebrate.

dental care promotions. Thanks to fluoridation in many water supplies, people's better brushing habits and reduced consumption an equal amount into setting up a practice, but alas has less business. Fear not you guardians of the gums because CRACKED

IMPROVE BUSINESS

Now, another of the dentist's big problems is the proliferation of "department store dental clinics." To date, the A.D.A. and local dentists have simply ignored their existence, but come on guys. Each year you're losing more and more ground to them. Instead, why not fight fire with fire and take them head on.

Match some of the fees they have

Alter your hours

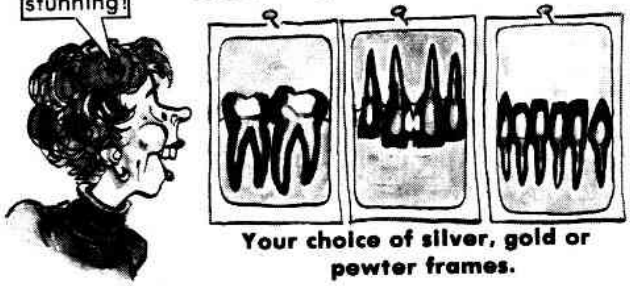
And allow other forms of payment besides cash.

And advertise in local newspapers.

Any dentist can pull and fill, but only

BOB BRACES, D.D.S.

frames your X-rays and gives them back to you FREE.



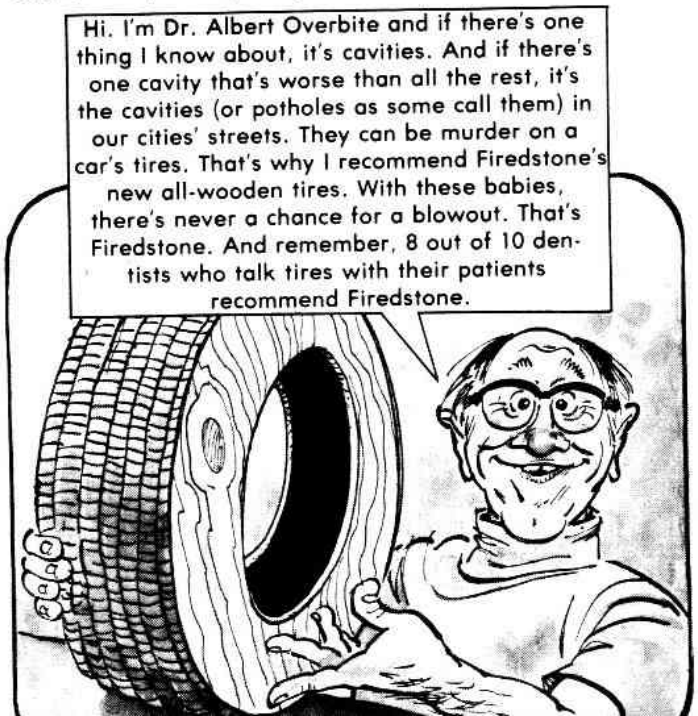
Your choice of silver, gold or pewter frames.

Decorate your den, that spare room or even your boat.

So, why let your dentist keep your X-rays when Dr. Braces frames them and gives them back to you at no extra charge.

Make an appointment now and we'll register you in our Win-a-19"-color-TV sweepstakes.

Yes, nicer offices, more convenient payment plans and the use of ads will triple any dentist's business. However, should business still be off and you need that one little extra something to put you into the black, then we suggest endorsements. They work for baseball players, golfers and movie stars, so why not you!



How many times has someone asked you to do something you really **didn't** want to **do** and instead of responding with a really **snappy comeback,** you simply looked him square in the eye and uttered an ineloquent, **"uhhhhh?"** Well, that need **never** happen **again, thanks to...**

THE CRACKED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GREAT EXCUSES!

I heard you threw a **party** last Saturday! How come **I** wasn't invited?

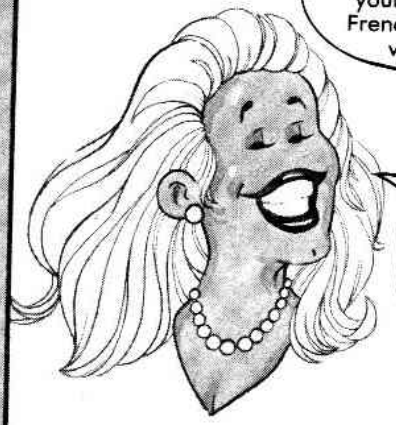
I had a **limited** guest list and it was either inviting **you** or my elderly aunt who the doctors don't give more than **45 years** to live. I hope you understand.

Be thankful you **weren't** there! It was a **disaster.** Three people almost got sick from popcorn we didn't serve. Six people had to lay their coats on the bed instead of having them hung up in the closet. What a **bummer** of an evening!

Wasn't **invited?** Henry, **yours** was the **first** invitation I wrote! Darn mail must've gotten **lost again!**

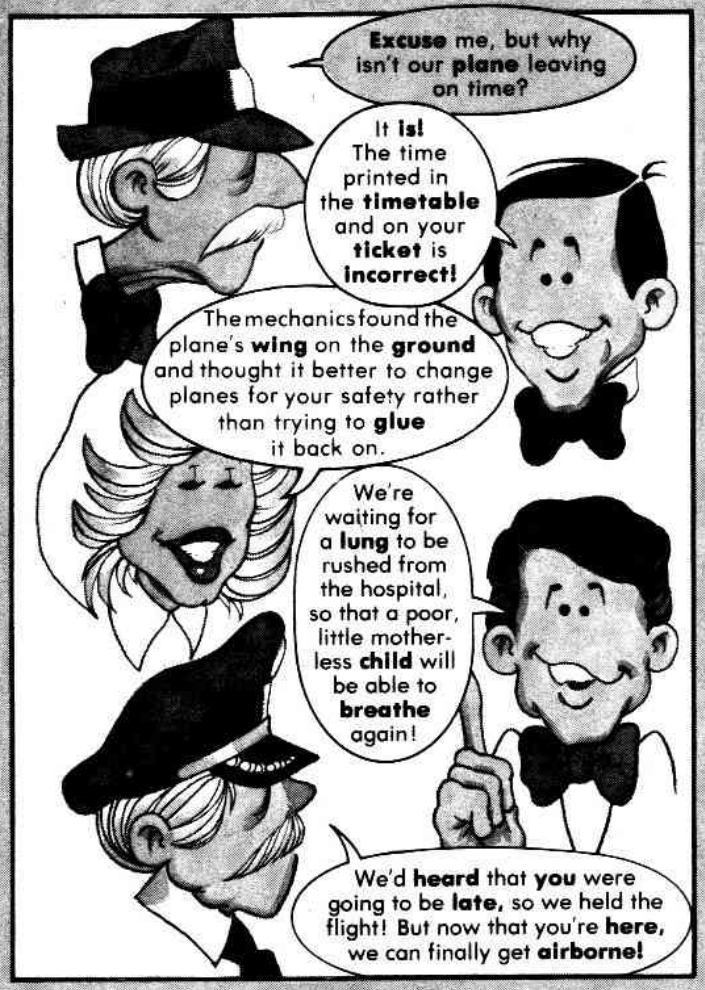
Party!? **What** party? That was just a **little get together** with the **Rolling Stones** to launch their tour.

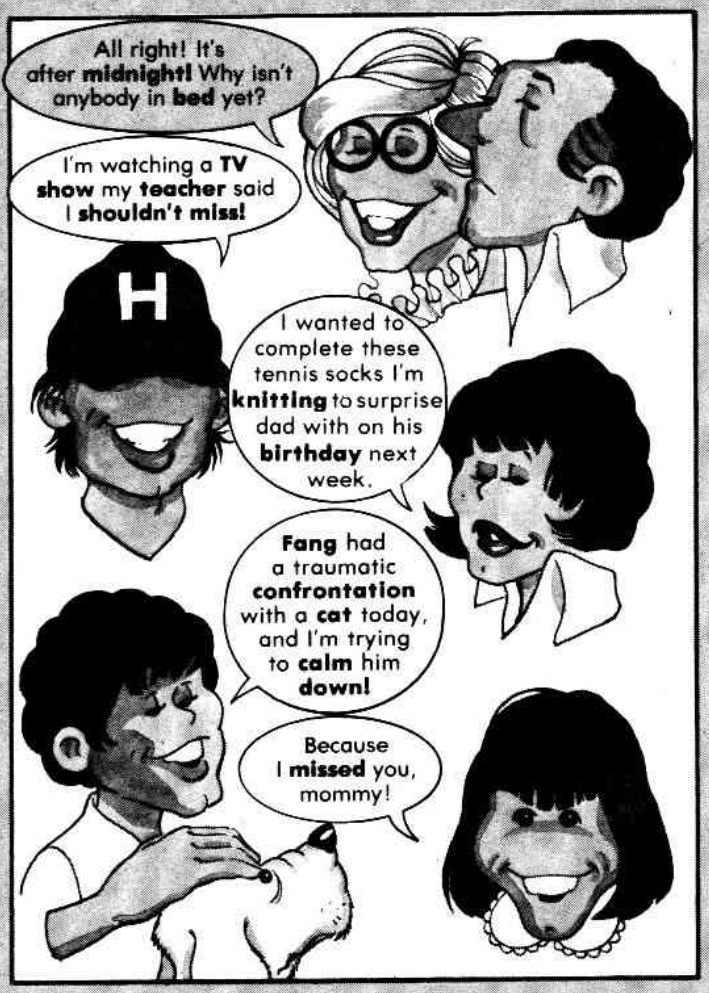
Oh, Henry, what a **kidder!** You **were** there! Don't you **remember** dancing with that dynamite **Swedish chick?** And sticking your arm in the **punch bowl** to rescue that French girl's **earring?** You **don't?** Man, you were **more** out of it than I **thought!**

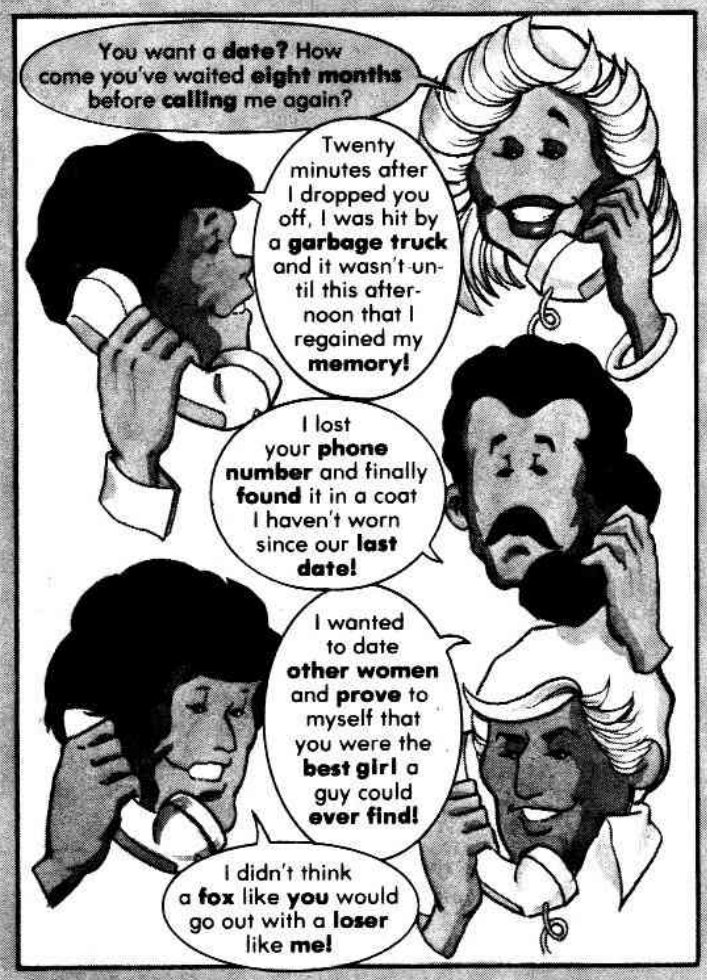


I'm **so** sorry, Henry! But we were using my roommate's best **china,** and she was so afraid that her precious dishes would get **broken** that she absolutely **refused** to let me invite **any** of my **wild** and **crazy friends!**

It was actually my **sister's** party and she was inviting all these **nerds** from her school and you just **didn't fit in** with that **loser** crowd!


Excuse me, but why isn't our plane leaving on time?
It is! The time printed in the timetable and on your ticket is incorrect!
The mechanics found the plane's wing on the ground and thought it better to change planes for your safety rather than trying to glue it back on.
We're waiting for a lung to be rushed from the hospital, so that a poor, little motherless child will be able to breathe again!
We'd heard that you were going to be late, so we held the flight! But now that you're here, we can finally get airborne!


All right! It's after midnight! Why isn't anybody in bed yet?
I'm watching a TV show my teacher said I shouldn't miss!
I wanted to complete these tennis socks I'm knitting to surprise dad with on his birthday next week.
Fang had a traumatic confrontation with a cat today, and I'm trying to calm him down!
Because I missed you, mommy!


You want a date? How come you've waited eight months before calling me again?
Twenty minutes after I dropped you off, I was hit by a garbage truck and it wasn't until this afternoon that I regained my memory!
I lost your phone number and finally found it in a coat I haven't worn since our last date!
I wanted to date other women and prove to myself that you were the best girl a guy could ever find!
I didn't think a fox like you would go out with a loser like me!

And where were you for dinner?
Ten minutes before I got to the bus, the drivers went out on wildcat strike!
I decided to stay after school and try and improve the 81 I got in chemistry that you were so displeased with.
Whine! Whine! Whimper! Whine!
I figured I'd help cut down our family's huge food bill by eating over at Marsha's!
It's a good thing I can't talk! I'd hate to have to tell her I was out with the boys!

Okay! Who's going to help good old Dad cut that nasty, over grown lawn this afternoon?
I'd sure like to, Dad, but I promised to help some nuns collect clothing for those poor Antarctic earthquake victims!
What are we waiting for? It couldn't make my cold any worse than it already is!
Emergency German Club Meeting today! Will help when I get home around midnight!
I've been thinking it over, and you're right, dear! Woman's lib has gotten way out of hand! A woman's place is in the kitchen!! Don't you agree?

Why are you late for school again?
I didn't think we had any school today! I thought it was Christmas!
I overslept because my dog ate my alarm clock!
Gee, Mr. Zitzewitz, I just couldn't decide what to wear this morning!
The electricity went out in our house so my wind-up alarm clock had the incorrect time.

And why, may I ask have we all taken two hours for lunch today instead of the usual fifteen minutes?
Big fire in the luncheonette, boss! Guess I just lost track of time while dragging all those injured people to safety!
I stopped off at that little church on the corner, Mr. Grumble, to pray for your health!
I ran into my father who I hadn't seen in over 50 years and we just had so much to talk about.
dubay
Actually, on my way down to the lobby, I met an important client in the elevator and I spent all this time riding up and down trying to convince him to give us his business. Do you think I can take my regular lunch now, sir?
Lunchsh!? Ish it lunchsh time already? Shomebody hand me my martini shaker!
You won't believe this, sir, but I've just spent my entire lunch break drawing this really terrific article for CRACKED magazine!

CRACKED LOOKS AT PARENT-TEACHER CONFERENCES. OR, WHAT THE TEACHERS REALLY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY:

WHICH MEANS: Didn't you ever teach your kid to behave?

WHICH MEANS: He knows all the football and baseball statistics but can't remember 2 + 2.

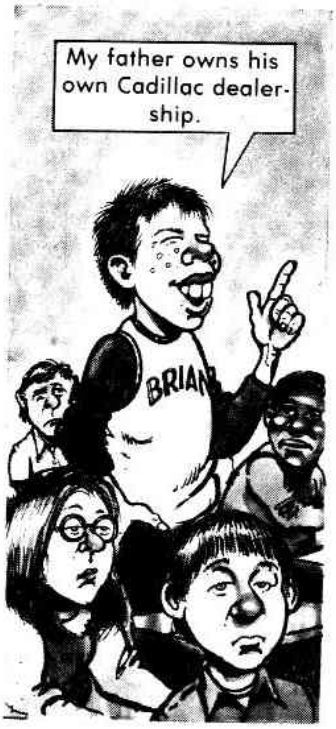
WHICH MEANS: If he cuts class once more, he's suspended.

WHICH MEANS: She knows everything about TV shows and nothing about her schoolwork.

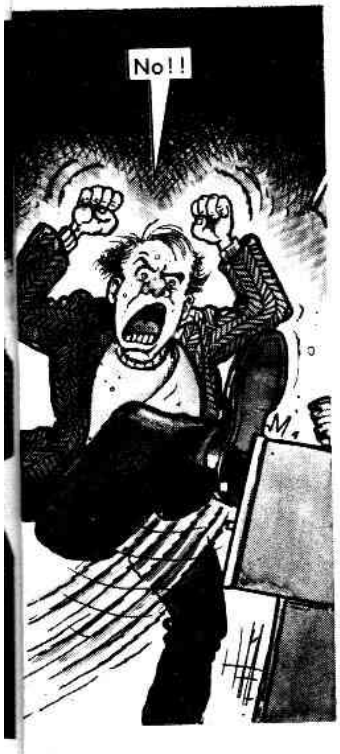
WHICH MEANS: I wish your kid would shut up in class.

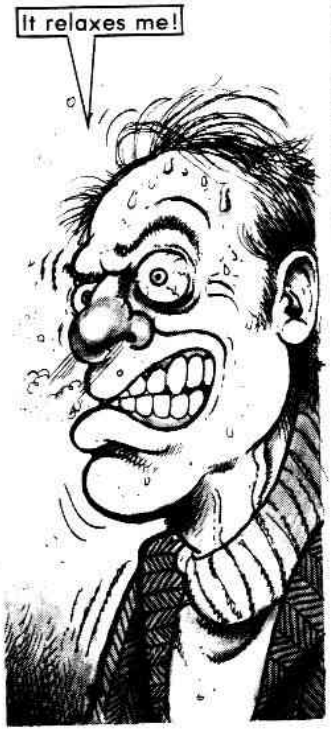
WHICH MEANS: Tell your kid not to bring his CRACKED magazines to class.

THE CRACKED VIDEO



WORLD OF GAMES





Darn! I got beaten again! This machine is unconquerable.
Not for my friend Chuck. He's the greatest video game player I know.
BOOP!
SPACE INVADERS
Game C

Just look at the names of some of these games—"Space Invaders."
DOONG!
KER-BOOM

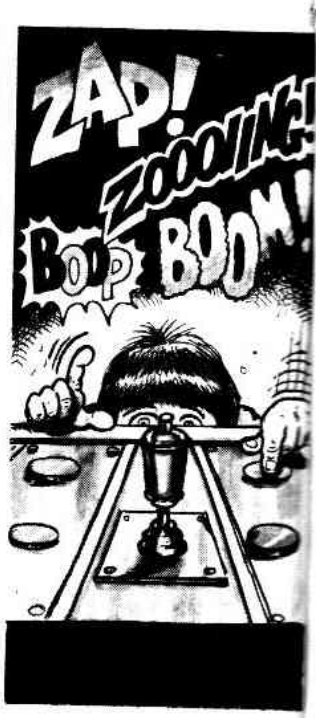
BLOW-UP
BLITZ!
BOOP

"Destroyers."
KRASH!
ZAPP
BOOM

No kidding. Does he play often?
About 6 hours a day.
Six hours. Whew!
ZIP!
BUZ
BOOP
ZIZZZ
DING DING

SPACE EXPLOITERS

ZILGH
BOOP!
BEEP!
ZANGG!

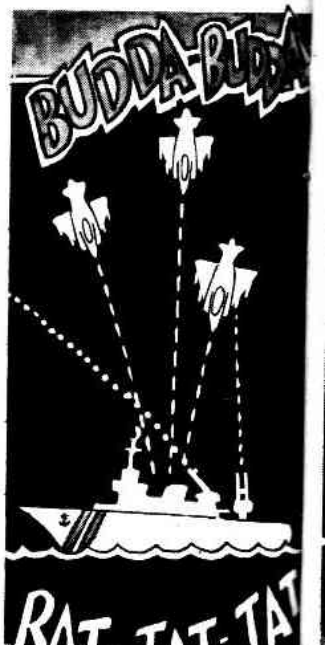

ZAP!
ZOOOING!
BOOP
BOOM!

Like to meet him? He's standing over there with 2 other friends. He's the...
...third one from the left.
Yeah, that's right. How'd you know?

Just a hunch.

"Coast Guard Destroyer. The most realistic game ever."
COAST GU
DESTROY

DESTROYE
For a quarter, why not.
25¢
1 Play


BUDDA-BUDDA
RAT-TAT-TAT

Wait a minute! Finally a game that isn't based on death, destruction or annihilation. "Peace In The Pacific."
I like this one.
Me too, only, excuse me sir. How come all the other games have kids and adults lining up, but this one goes unused?
Simple.
Chester GAME ROOM
Peace doesn't make any noise.
So there you are! Have you been here in this game parlor all afternoon?
Yeah.
Well?
5,700.
That's pretty bad.
For you and me, but Jake's only 5.
Yeah, I guess that's not bad for a 5-year-old.
Not bad! Why it's great! And just imagine how good he's gonna be next year...
...when he's able to see the screen.
BOOP
And what did you accomplish? Did you finish your homework or do the lawn like your dad asked you?
Well, no.
Did you clean your room or wash the dog?
Well, no. However, I did accomplish something of far greater importance that will benefit mankind forever.
And just what was that?
SCREEEEEE
KER-BOOM!
Wow! That really is realistic!
I saved the earth 46 times.
Earth Destroyer
Can YOU save the earth from Alien attack?
17

CAN YOU FIGURE OUT THESE

Example: ME/REPEAT is Repeat After

CRACKED WO

PPOPD

Two Peas In A Pod

MEAL

Square Meal

JET

Jumbo Jet

DRIVING DRIVING

Driving In Circles

LOW

Low Down

DOWN

Low Down

SCHOOL

High School

jobs

Odd Jobs

SHOW

Side Show

SEAT SEAT
AISLE

Two Seats On The Aisle

ROSES ROSES ROSES
ROSES ROSES ROSES
ROSES ROSES ROSES
ROSES ROSES ROSES

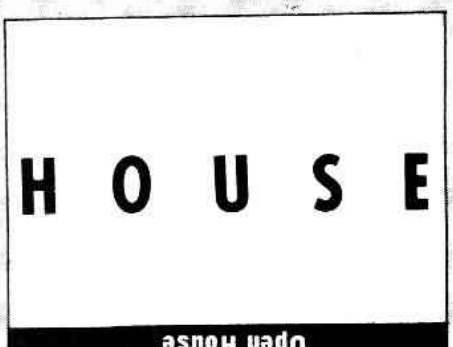
A Dozen Roses

CAKE

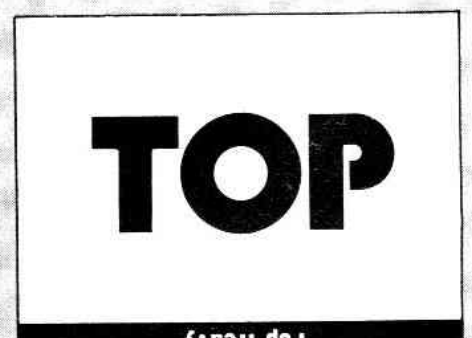
Upside Down Cake

WORD PICTURE PUZZLES?

Me. They're fun to do and tricky too !

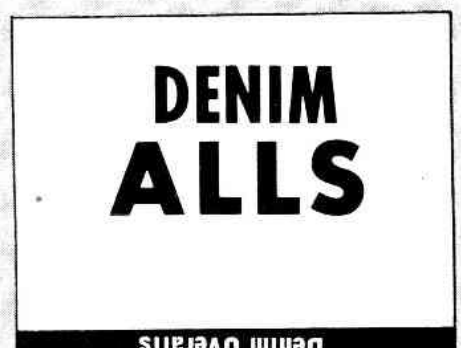


Open House

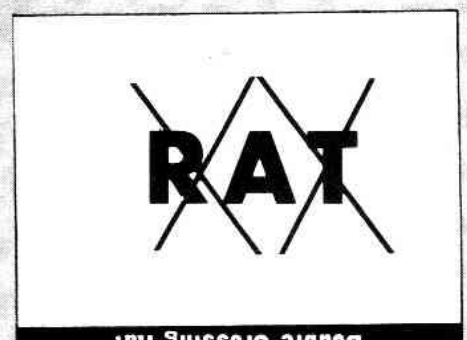


Top Heavy

Sitting On Top Of The World

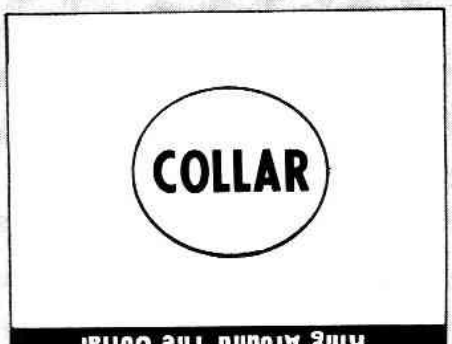


Denim Overalls



Double Crossing Rat

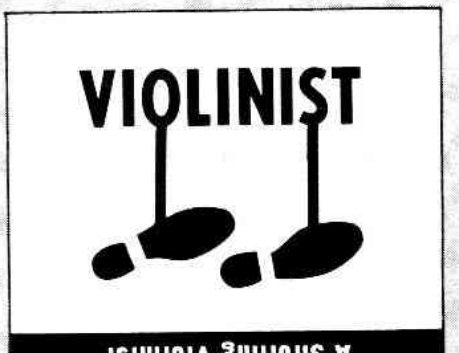
Fat Chance



Ring Around The Collar

Diagonal Parking

One In A Million



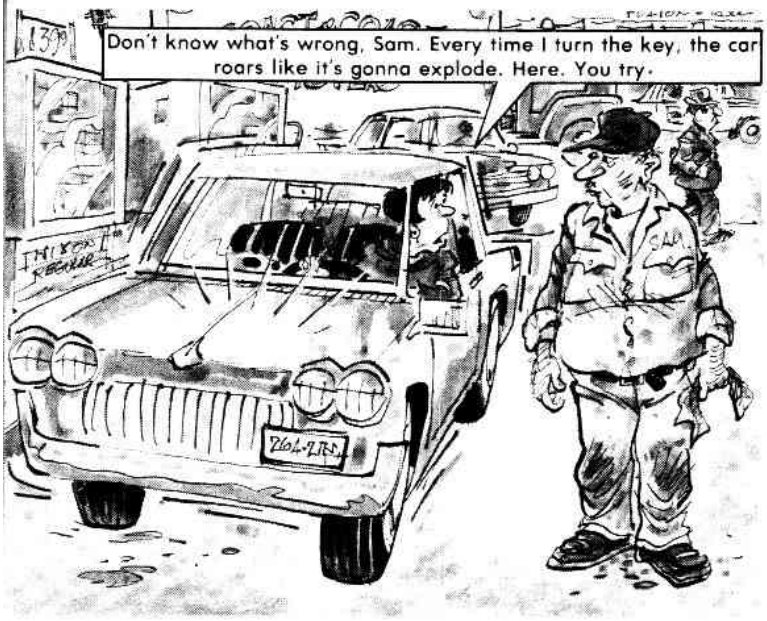
A Strolling Violinist

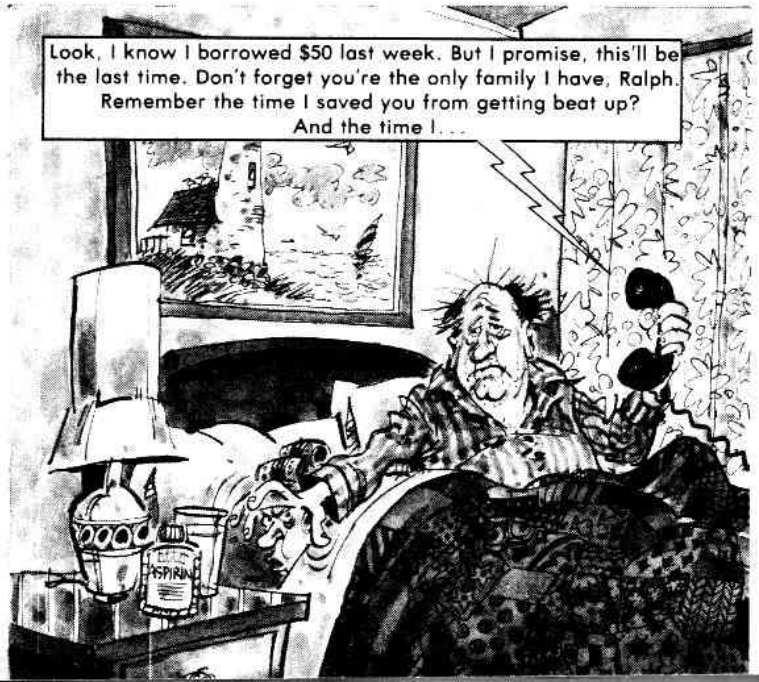
No Exit

Going Overseas

Everyone likes to think of himself as a "good guy"—someone a person can count on for a favor. But no matter how kind hearted you may be, there comes a time when you really feel like saying

SORRY! NOT THIS TIME!!!



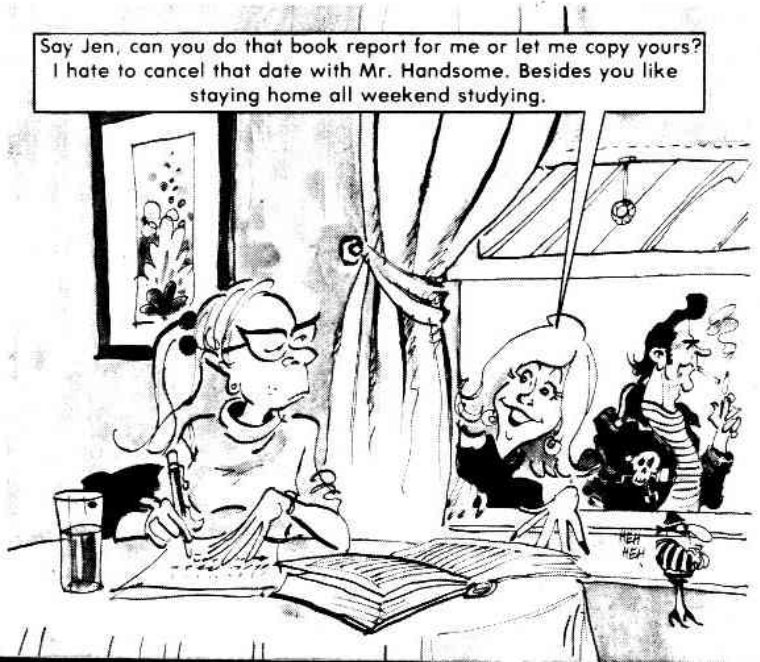


C'mon Tony, one night out of your life's not gonna kill ya. And she is my sister, ole buddy.
ICE CREAM
PARKING OR STANDING

If that's my professor asking about my paper, tell him I'm not home. If it's Donny, tell him I'm out with my girlfriends. If it's the librarian about my seven overdue books, tell...
TRUE ROMANCE

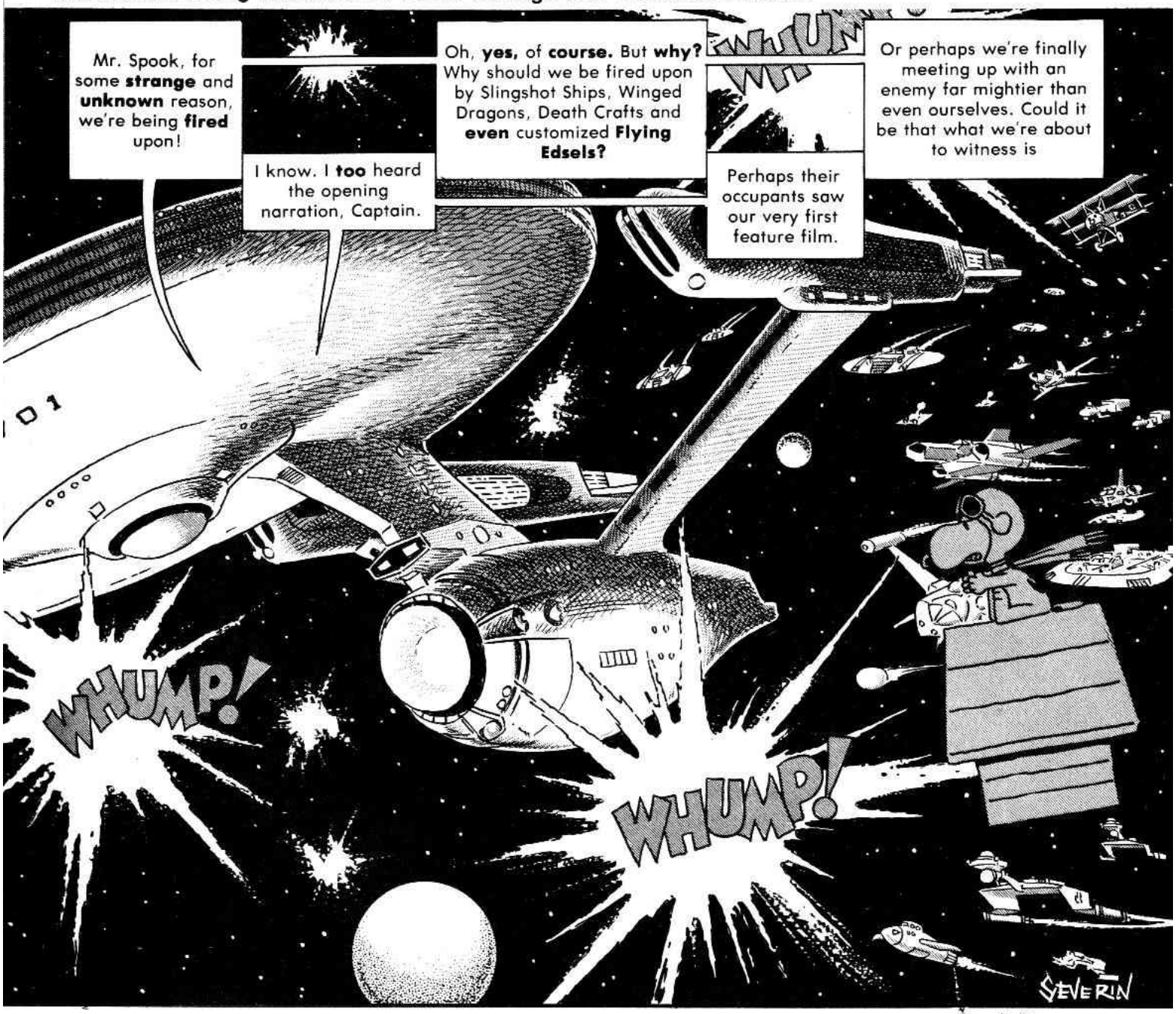
Could you cover my last class, Jack? I have a terrible headache. I've given them a silent reading assignment. You'll have no problems.

UP YOUR NOSE, BUGFACE!
CRACKED
Excuse me sir, you look like a nice man. Could you swim out and get my son's beach ball?
WARNING SHARKS
PARKS DEPT.


Say Jen, can you do that book report for me or let me copy yours? I hate to cancel that date with Mr. Handsome. Besides you like staying home all weekend studying.
HEH HEH

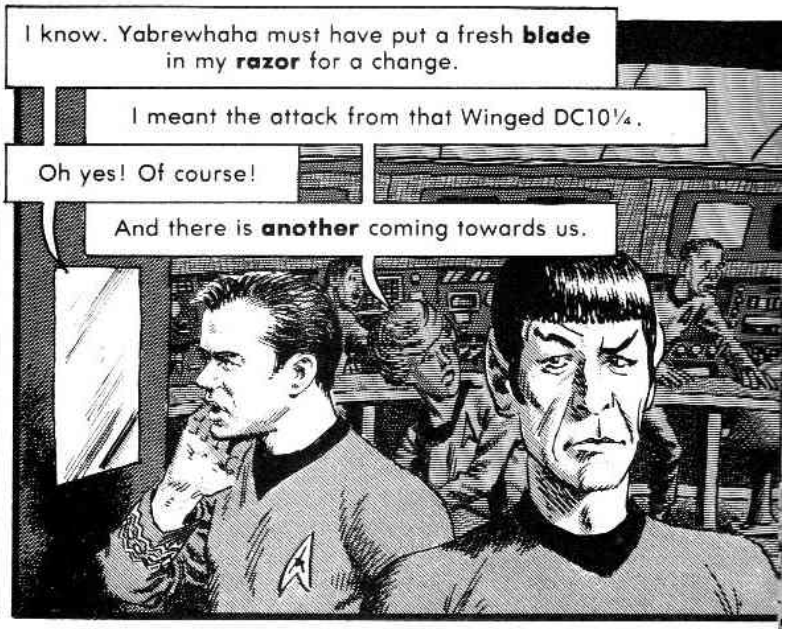
If ya see Butch at the playground, tell him I'm not afraid of him and I'll take care of him when I see him. And if he's got any message for me, tell him to give it to you...
BUTCH
SON CREMER
PUMP

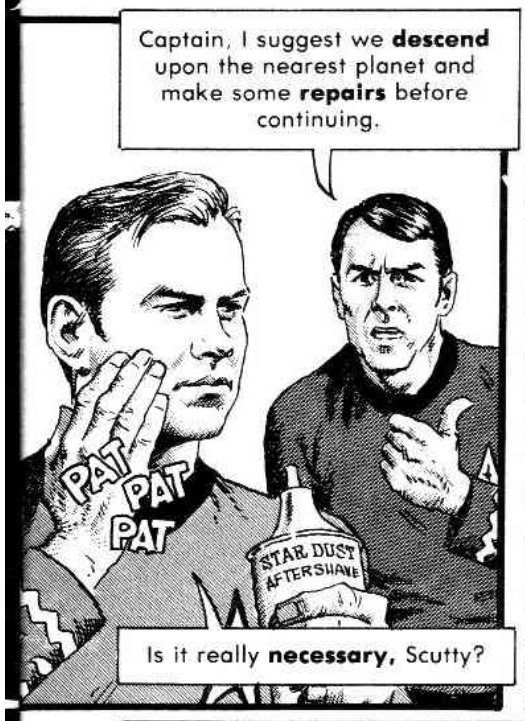
Travelling through a spectacular galaxy of stars (a galaxy of stars greater than even the one assembled for the last Jerry Lewis Telethon), Mr. Spook, Captain Quirk, Dr. Buns McCloy, Scutty and the rest of the crew of the Starship Enterprising suddenly find themselves being attacked for some strange and unknown reason.

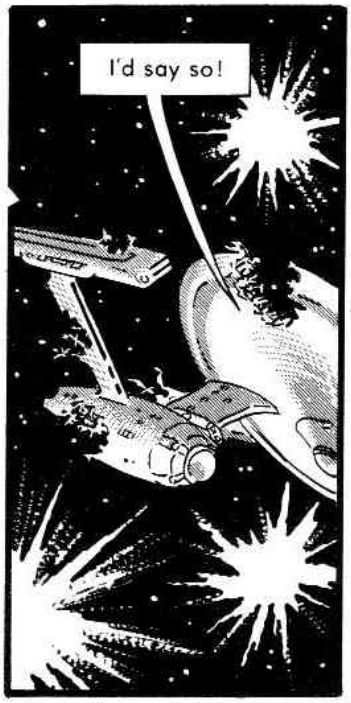


STAR DREK-- THE LAST HURRAH?

Nah!! But what a great title for a magazine satire, Spook.
I quite agree, sir, only... whooh! That last one was a near miss. What a close shave, sir.
WHAM!

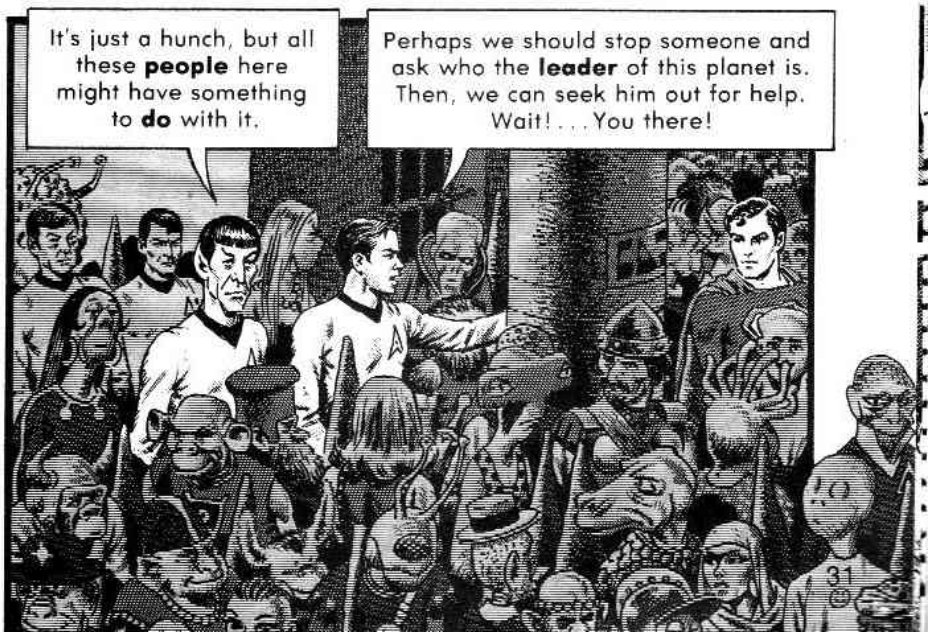

I know. Yabrewhaha must have put a fresh blade in my razor for a change.
I meant the attack from that Winged DC10¼.
Oh yes! Of course!
And there is another coming towards us.


Captain, I suggest we descend upon the nearest planet and make some repairs before continuing.
PAT PAT PAT
STAR DUST AFTERSHAVE
Is it really necessary, Scutty?


I'd say so!

But where to land?
Just hang a left and then, at the third meteorite decelerate.
Who said that?
The screen, sir. I believe the lad's name is Flush Gordone.
Is he to be trusted?
I don't know sir. His first movie was even worse than ours.

But he's accurate. According to these charts, we're not far from the City Of Crowds.
Strange name for a planet, Buns. I wonder why they call it that?
EXXON INTERGALACTIC ROAD MAP


It's just a hunch, but all these people here might have something to do with it.
Perhaps we should stop someone and ask who the leader of this planet is. Then, we can seek him out for help. Wait!...You there!

Yes?

What are you doing here?

I like to **drop in** on this planet every so often. It reminds me of the lines from my first two movies.

Of course. Then perhaps you know **where** we might find the **leader** of this planet.

Ah, yes. That would be **Mayor Crunch.** Second door to the left.

Much obliged.

One. . . two. This must be it.

Probably—unless Superduperman counts **differently** than us.

Then let us enter.

SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT

2ND DOOR ON THE LEFT

Whoooh! . . . Mayor Crunch? . . . ***Mayor Crunch?*** . . . I don't think this is his office.

Good observation, Captain.

Greetings. I'm Mayor Crunch.

I'm glad you found us **hanging** there in that shaft.

On a planet this populated, it's hard to keep anything a secret.

Is there someplace we could talk with you alone?

Of course. Come with me to my office and we'll have some **tea** and **trumpets.**

There. This is **much** better.

I had hoped we could be a **bit** more **alone** than this.

Sorry, but this is as **private** as one can **get** in **this** town. Be happy there's only **one** other person in that chair with you. **Three** is the **usual** number.

You see, **this** is a planet where people come after their **own** has either been **annihilated** or **turned** into **condominiums.** We're vastly overpopulated and, for that reason, natives like myself are born **compact.** And what brings **you** people here?

Our **ship!**

Interesting. And your **purpose?**

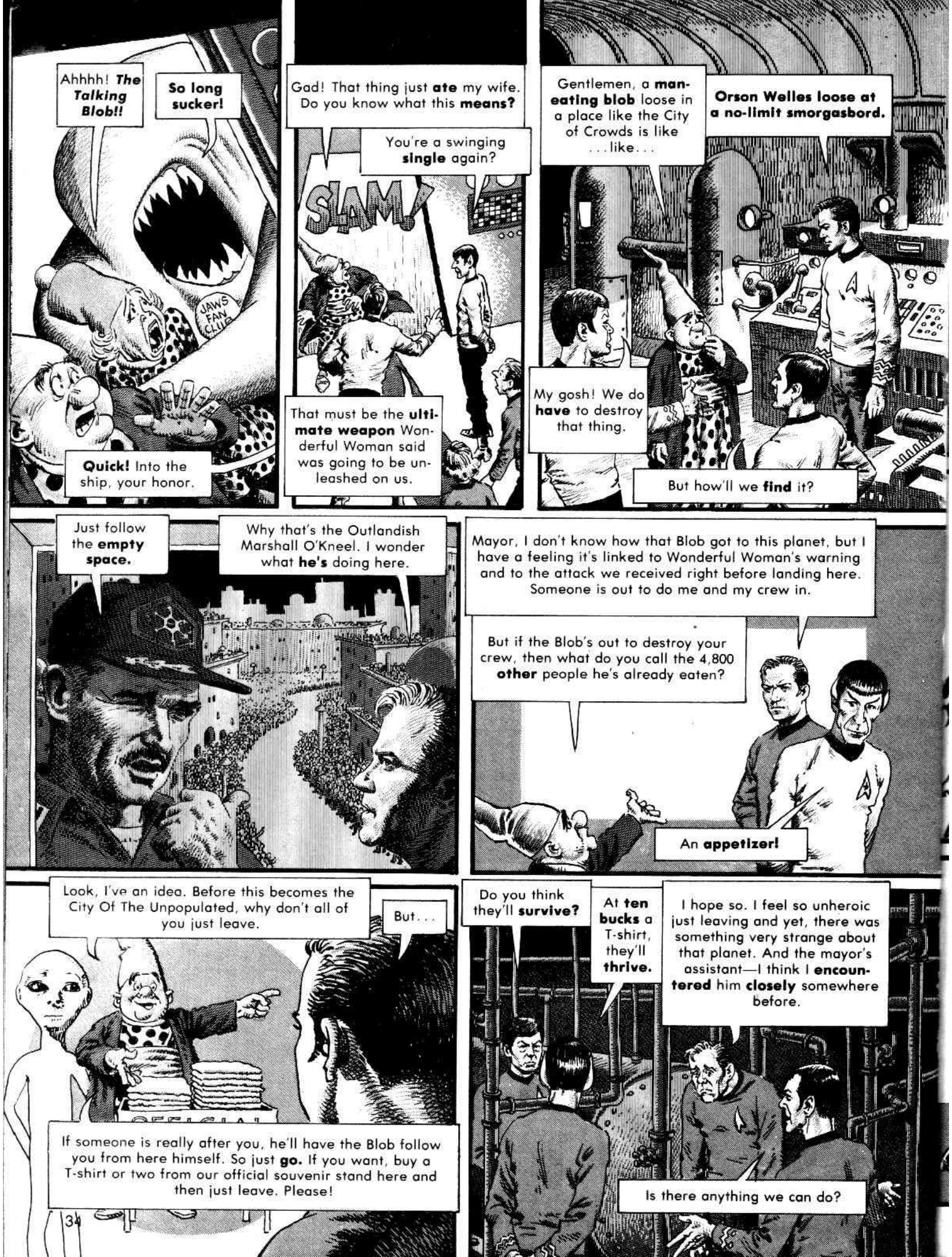
We have to repair and figure out who destroyed it in the **first** place.

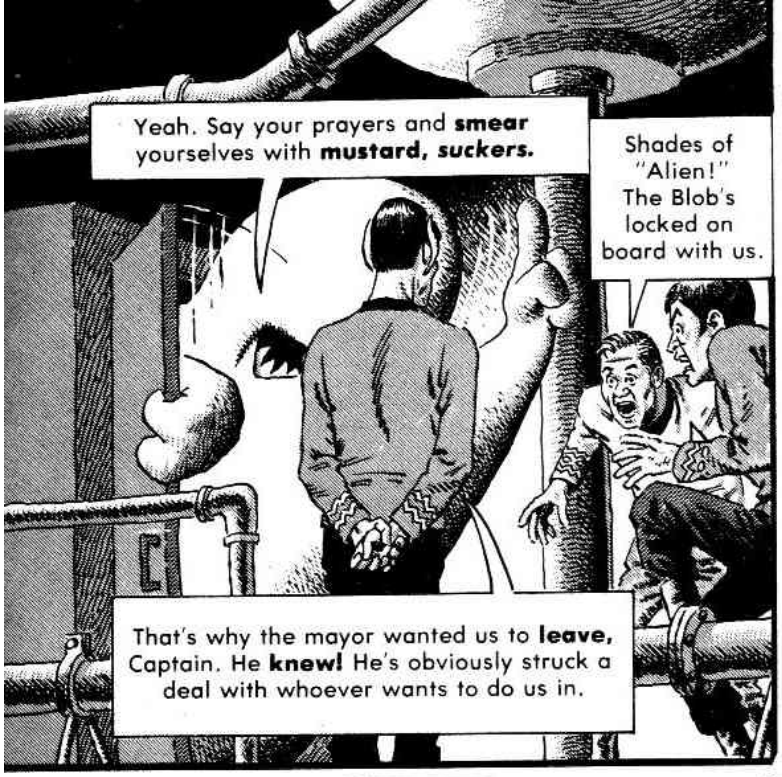
Well, feel free to stay as **long** as you like. Our visitors bureau will be glad to find you lodging and also assign you a **breathing pattern.**

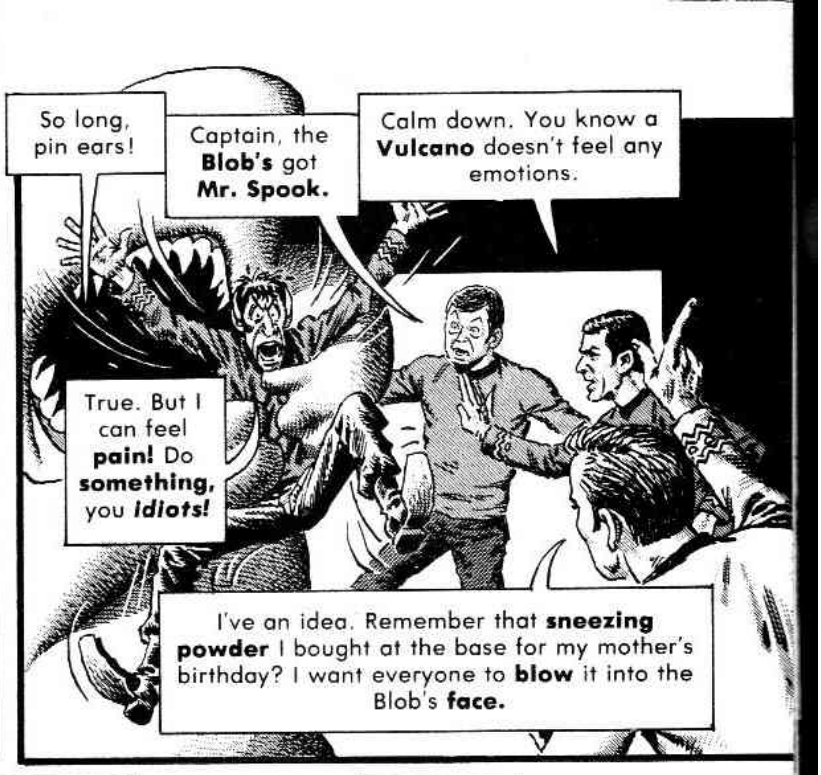
Come again?

With all the **people** here, if we **all inhaled** in unison, we'd suck all the **oxygen** from the atmosphere, so **every citizen** is assigned a **pattern** designed to allow **no more than 402** of the populace to inhale at any **one** time.

Well, if that's all...
Just one more thing, Mayor Crunch. Who is **this?**
My uncle. He was a captain on the planet Earth.
And the **picture** next to your uncle?
There's no one there. It's just a **mirror.**
Funny. Just a minute ago it looked like **Buck Rogers** to me.
Come on, Spook. Let's get back to the ship.
I tell you sir, I **saw** Buck Rogers in that mirror.
I **know!** I did **too!** And we'll solve that mystery after I take care of another matter much more urgent.
The **repair** of the **ship?**
No...whisper...whisper...whisper.
I think it's down the hall, sir.
I'll just comb my hair here and...***Wonderful Woman!*** What are **you** doing here?
On the Planet of Crowds?
No, **here** in the **men's room!** You could get into big trouble if you get caught.
I've come to give you a **warning.** Beware of the ultimate weapon. It utilizes **no lazers** or **explosives** and yet will **destroy** you **completely.**
Anything **else?**
Yes. Have a **nice** day.
Captain, the ship is **almost** repaired.
And not a minute too soon. I just ran into Wonderful Woman.
I should have warned you not to drive on a planet this crowded, sir.
Very funny!
She told me that we would be...why, Mayor and Mrs. Crunch! What are you two **doing** here?
Something **awful** has happened. Two of our citizens have disappeared.
How can you tell?
How it happened is still a mystery, but the theory is ...that it was caused by something known as...

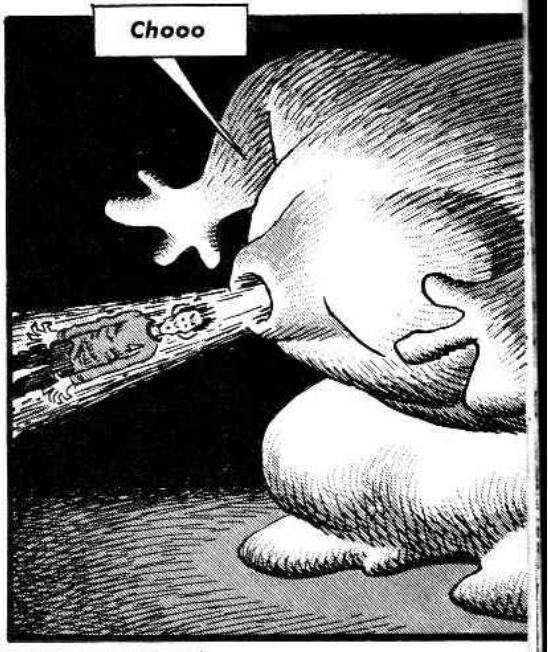

Ahhhh! The Talking Blob!!
So long sucker!
JAWS FAN CLUB
Quick! Into the ship, your honor.
Gad! That thing just ate my wife. Do you know what this means?
You're a swinging single again?
SLAM!
That must be the ultimate weapon Wonderful Woman said was going to be unleashed on us.
Gentlemen, a man-eating blob loose in a place like the City of Crowds is like ...like...
Orson Welles loose at a no-limit smorgasbord.
My gosh! We do have to destroy that thing.
But how'll we find it?
Just follow the empty space.
Why that's the Outlandish Marshall O'Kneel. I wonder what he's doing here.
Mayor, I don't know how that Blob got to this planet, but I have a feeling it's linked to Wonderful Woman's warning and to the attack we received right before landing here. Someone is out to do me and my crew in.
But if the Blob's out to destroy your crew, then what do you call the 4,800 other people he's already eaten?
An appetizer!
Look, I've an idea. Before this becomes the City Of The Unpopulated, why don't all of you just leave.
But...
If someone is really after you, he'll have the Blob follow you from here himself. So just go. If you want, buy a T-shirt or two from our official souvenir stand here and then just leave. Please!
Do you think they'll survive?
At ten bucks a T-shirt, they'll thrive.
I hope so. I feel so unheroic just leaving and yet, there was something very strange about that planet. And the mayor's assistant—I think I encountered him closely somewhere before.
Is there anything we can do?

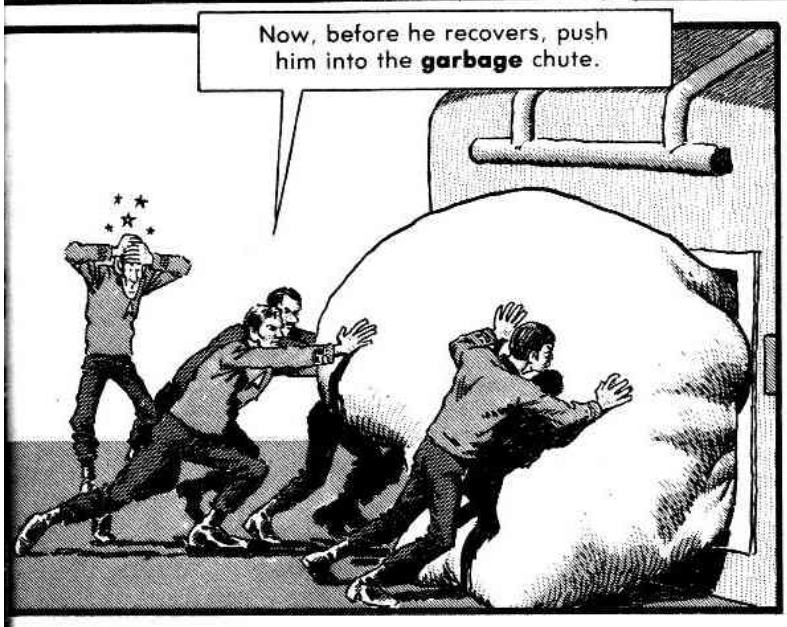

Yeah. Say your prayers and **smear** yourselves with **mustard, suckers.**
Shades of "Alien!" The Blob's locked on board with us.
That's why the mayor wanted us to **leave,** Captain. He **knew!** He's obviously struck a deal with whoever wants to do us in.

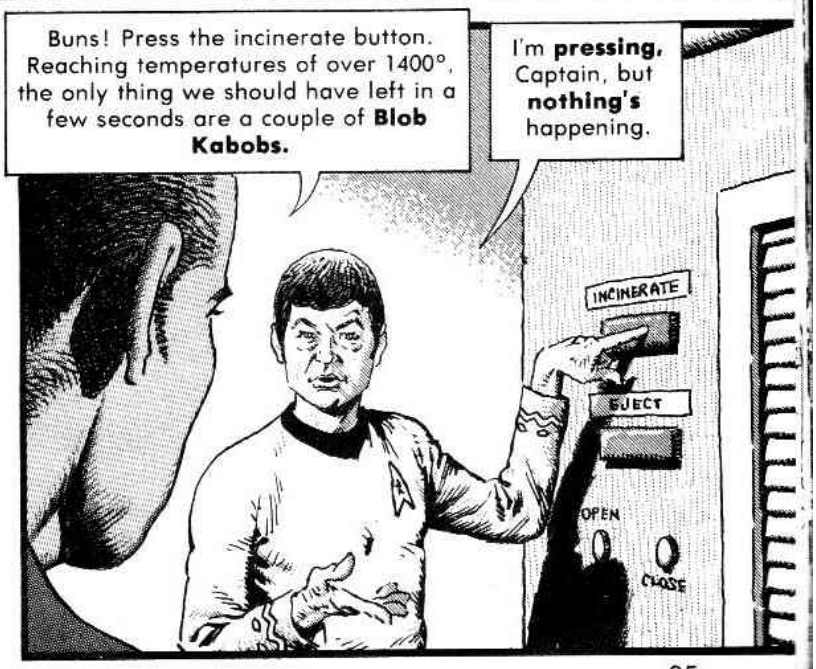

So long, pin ears!
Captain, the **Blob's** got **Mr. Spook.**
Calm down. You know a **Vulcano** doesn't feel any emotions.
True. But I can feel **pain!** Do **something,** you ***idiots!***
I've an idea. Remember that **sneezing powder** I bought at the base for my mother's birthday? I want everyone to **blow** it into the Blob's **face.**

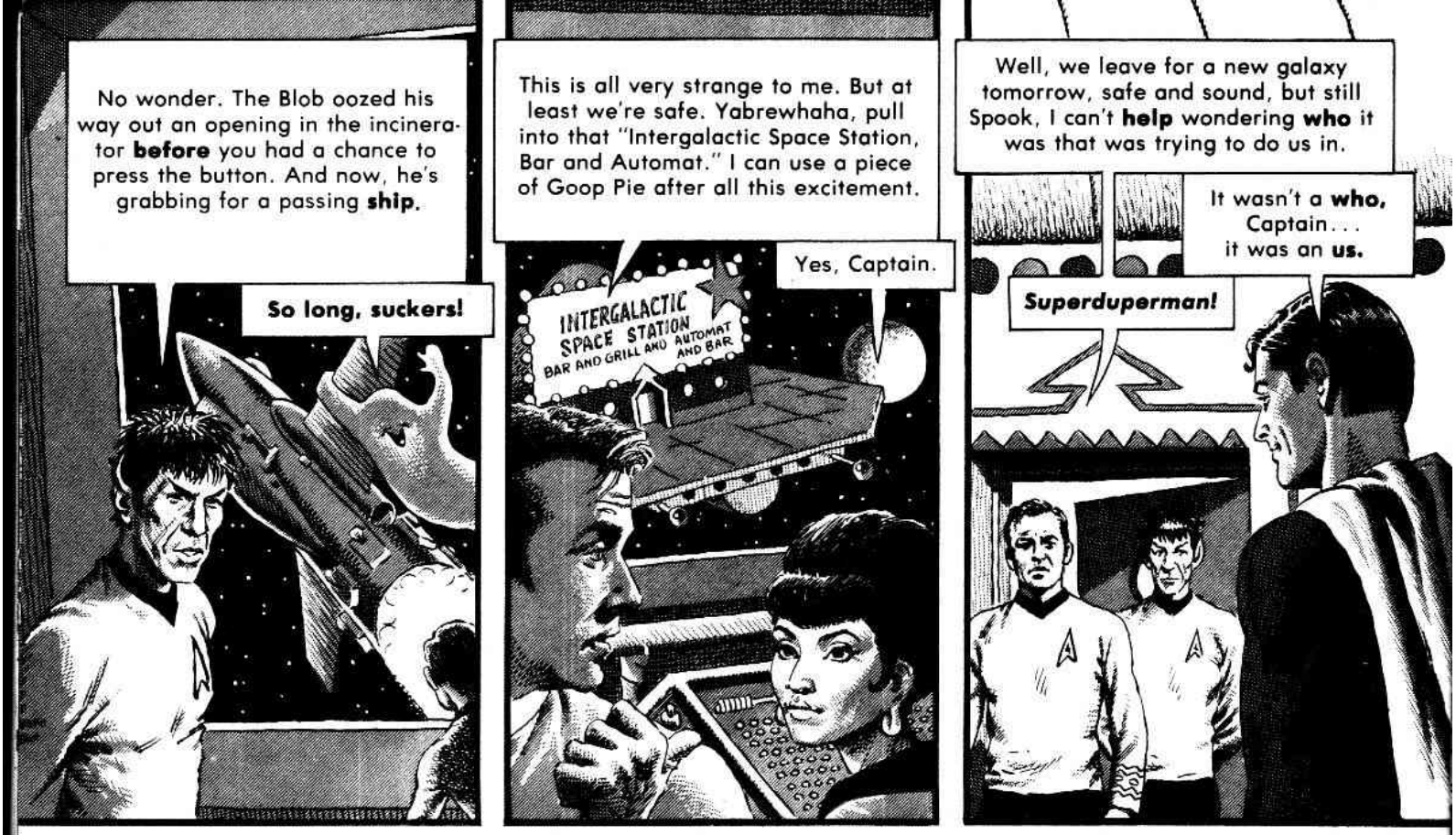
Quickly! Before he has a chance to swallow Spook.
FOOF! PHOOF!
FOOPH!
PHOOPH!

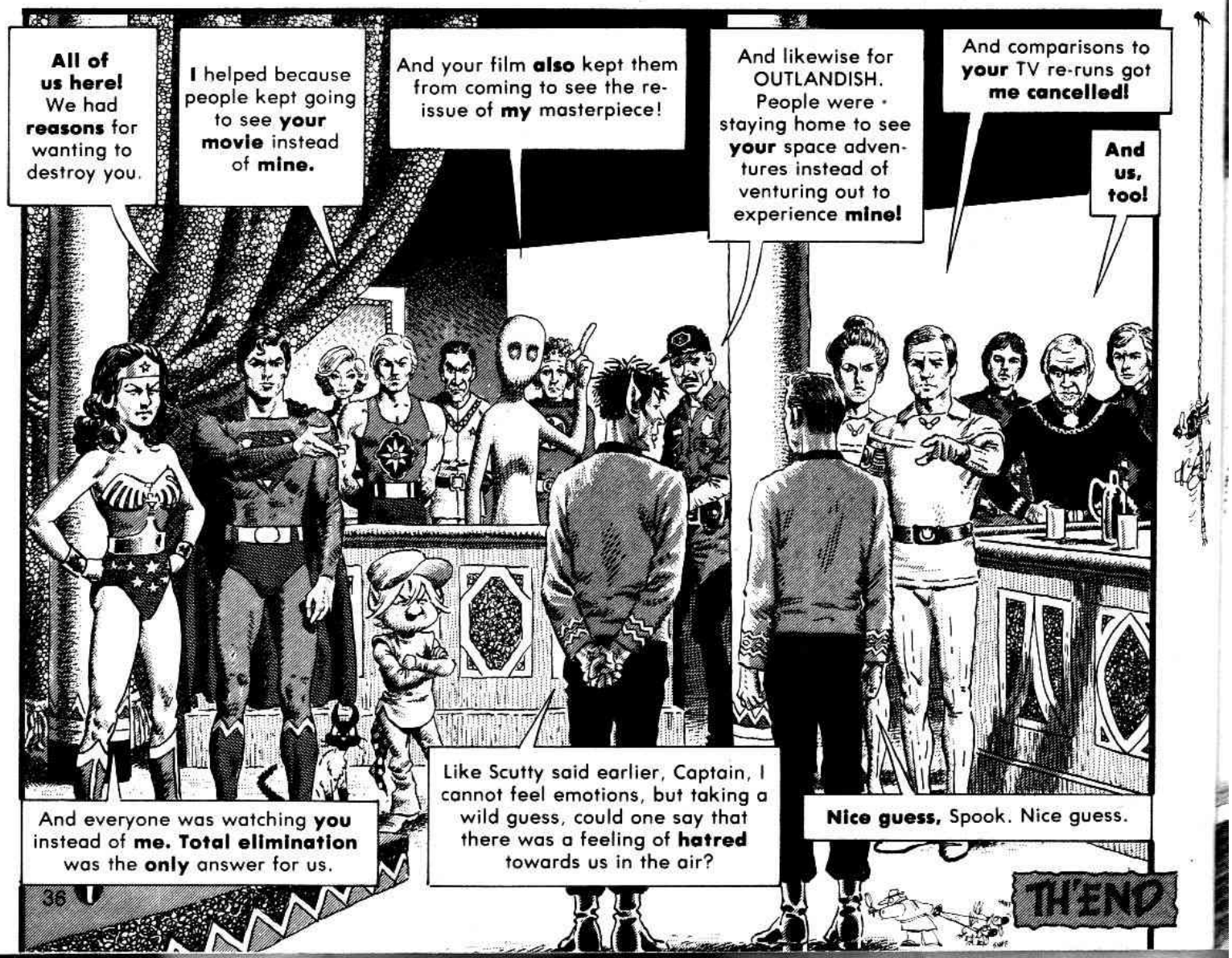
Ah...Ah...


Chooo


Now, before he recovers, push him into the **garbage** chute.


Buns! Press the incinerate button. Reaching temperatures of over 1400°, the only thing we should have left in a few seconds are a couple of **Blob Kabobs.**
I'm **pressing,** Captain, but **nothing's** happening.
INCINERATE
EJECT
OPEN
CLOSE


No wonder. The Blob oozed his way out an opening in the incinerator **before** you had a chance to press the button. And now, he's grabbing for a passing **ship.**
So long, suckers!
This is all very strange to me. But at least we're safe. Yabrewhaha, pull into that "Intergalactic Space Station, Bar and Automat." I can use a piece of Goop Pie after all this excitement.
INTERGALACTIC SPACE STATION
BAR AND GRILL AND AUTOMAT AND BAR
Yes, Captain.
Well, we leave for a new galaxy tomorrow, safe and sound, but still Spook, I can't **help** wondering **who** it was that was trying to do us in.
It wasn't a **who,** Captain... it was an **us.**
Superduperman!


All of us here! We had **reasons** for wanting to destroy you.
I helped because people kept going to see **your movie** instead of **mine.**
And your film **also** kept them from coming to see the re-issue of **my** masterpiece!
And likewise for OUTLANDISH. People were staying home to see **your** space adventures instead of venturing out to experience **mine!**
And comparisons to **your** TV re-runs got **me cancelled!**
And us, too!
And everyone was watching **you** instead of **me. Total elimination** was the **only** answer for us.
Like Scutty said earlier, Captain, I cannot feel emotions, but taking a wild guess, could one say that there was a feeling of **hatred** towards us in the air?
Nice guess, Spook. Nice guess.
TH'END

THE JAY WALK

ONE WAY
BUS STOP
NO STANDIN'
DONT WALK

ONE WAY
BAM!
SSSKREEEEEK!

KRA-BAM!

8
7
9
8

For years, this has been a familiar sight in millions of homes throughout America.

And because this type of selling has been so popular with the plastic containers, about 2 months ago we read that a company was trying it with pajamas.

Well, with gas soaring and women working (and not having tons of time to go milling around malls), we think that this type of shopping is the wave of the future. Simply, the way it works is that a person is contacted by a company and asked to host one of these gatherings in her home. She's in charge of inviting the people and then the company arrives with the product. The hostess of the party receives a gift selected according to how much is bought at her party. The company is happy, because they've scored some big sales, and the woman is happy because she's gotten some thrilling gifts like an automatic sock sorter or a linguini lengthener. And CRACKED predicts that as the profits get bigger and bigger in this field, that one day you'll be seeing *these*

FUTURE AT-HOME MERCHANDISING PARTIES

THE MYSTERY PARTY

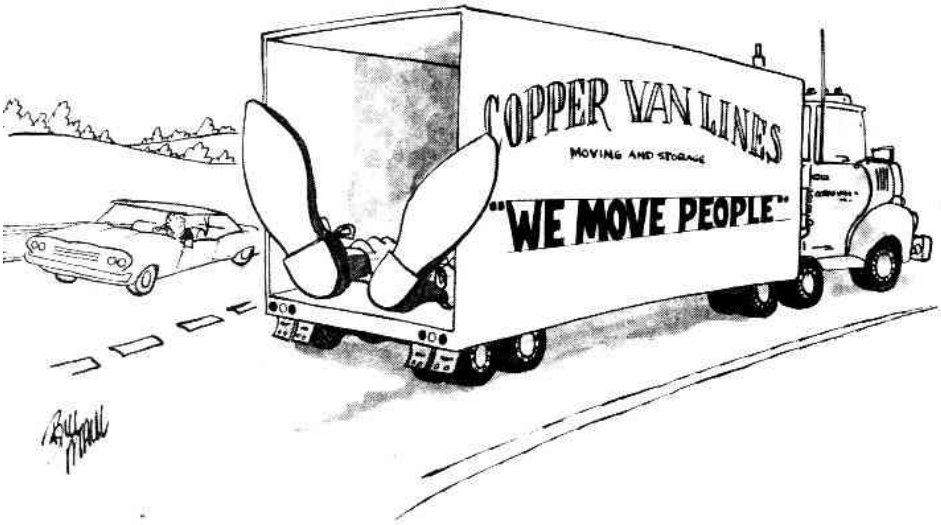
THE PET PARTY

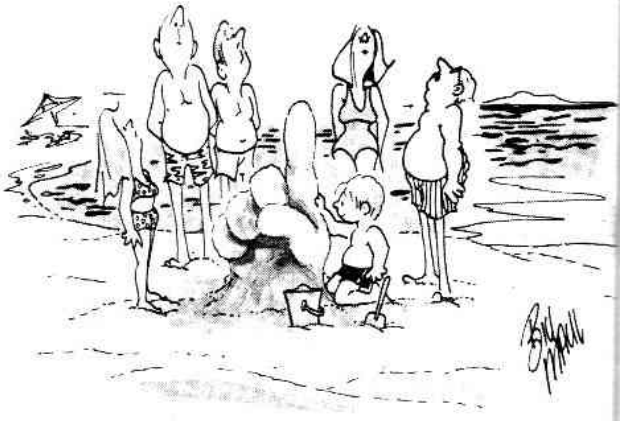
THE AUTOMOBILE PARTY

THE CONVICT REHABILITATION PARTY

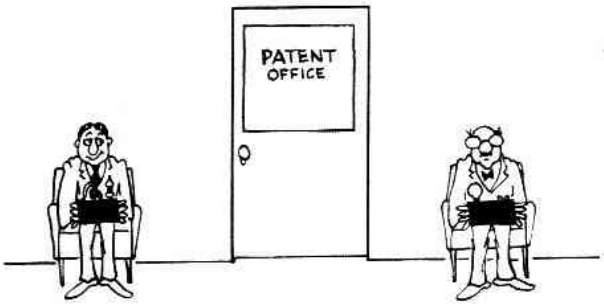
CRACKED'S CARTOON SHOWCASE

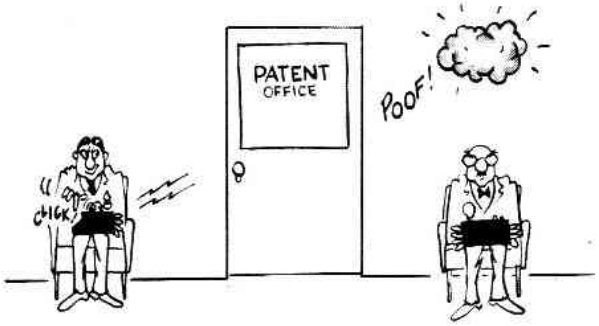
Featuring Bill Maul



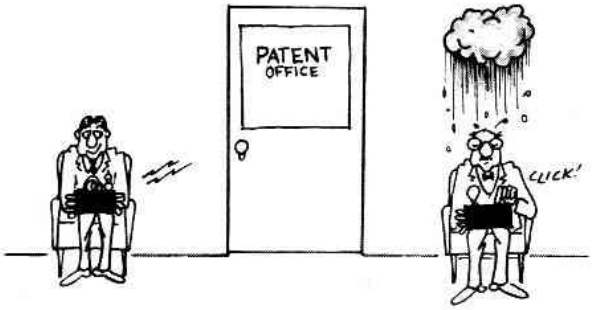


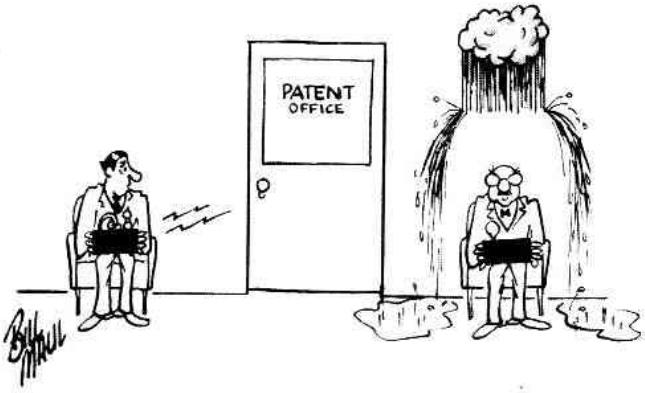
Sorry, folks, these seats are reserved.





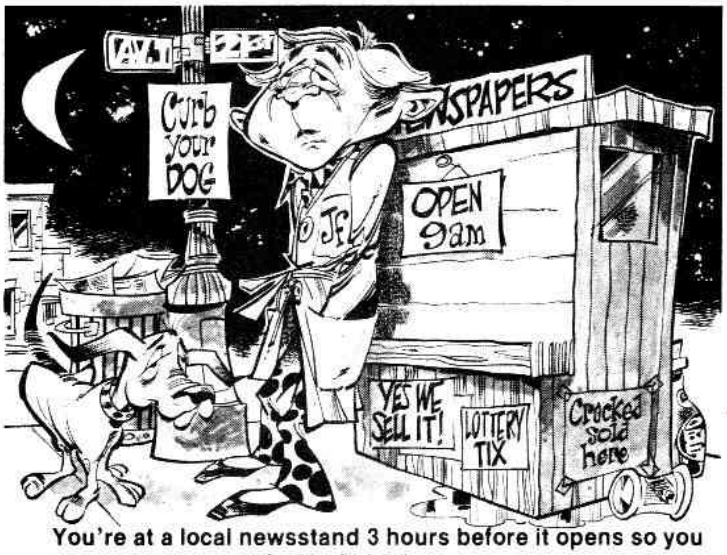
He followed me home. Can I keep him?





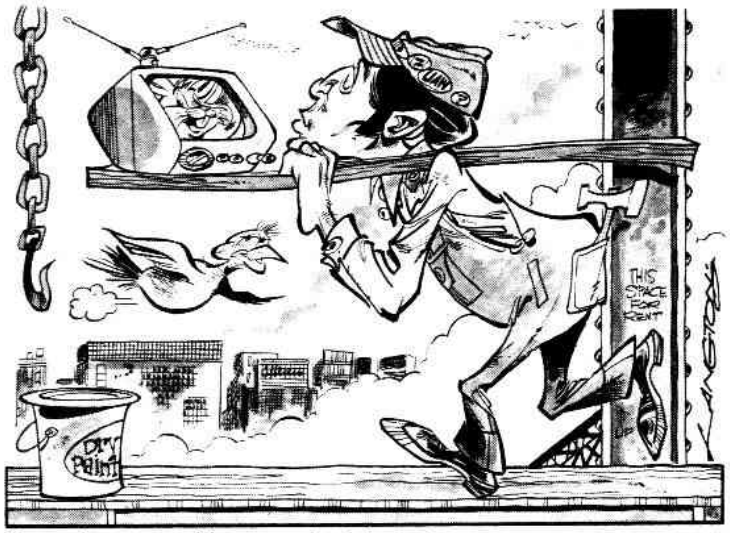
Does your life revolve around your TV set? Do you find yourself craving for the tube? If so, read this article carefully, and find out if you're a . . .

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .



You're at a local newsstand 3 hours before it opens so you can buy next week's TV Guide!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

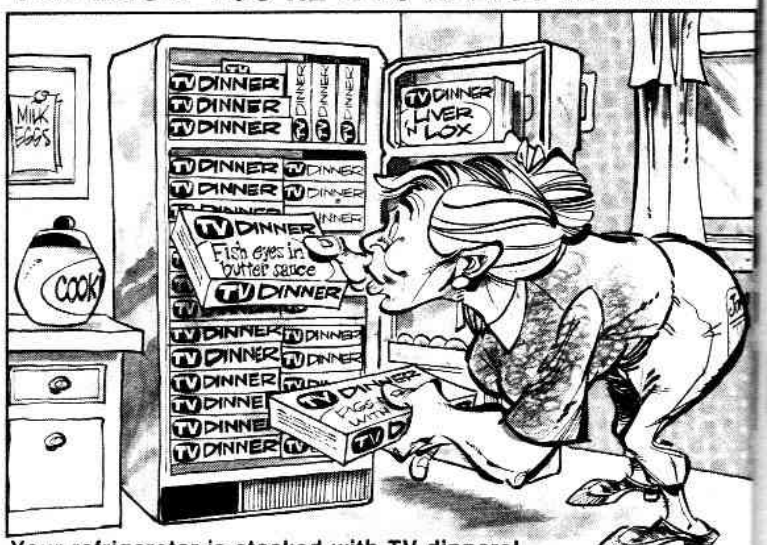


You take a portable to work with you!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

You go shopping at your local department store, and the first place you head for is the TV Department!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .



Your refrigerator is stocked with TV dinners!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

Your wife says she's leaving you, and you ask her to wait for the commercial!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

Your list of emergency telephone numbers only includes TV repairmen!

CRACKED T.V. ADDICT!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

You go on vacation to a foreign country and watch TV in your room all day, without understanding a single word of the language!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

You move to a new house because it gets better TV reception!

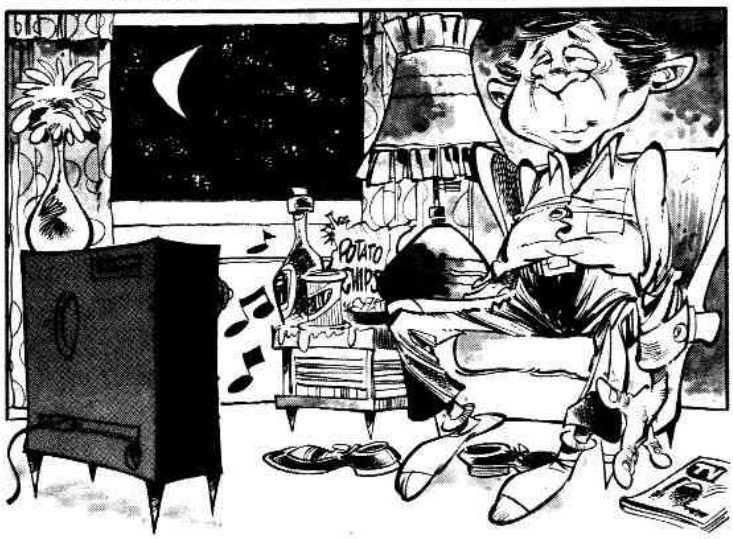
YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

Your set is being taken out for repairs, and you insist on going with it!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .

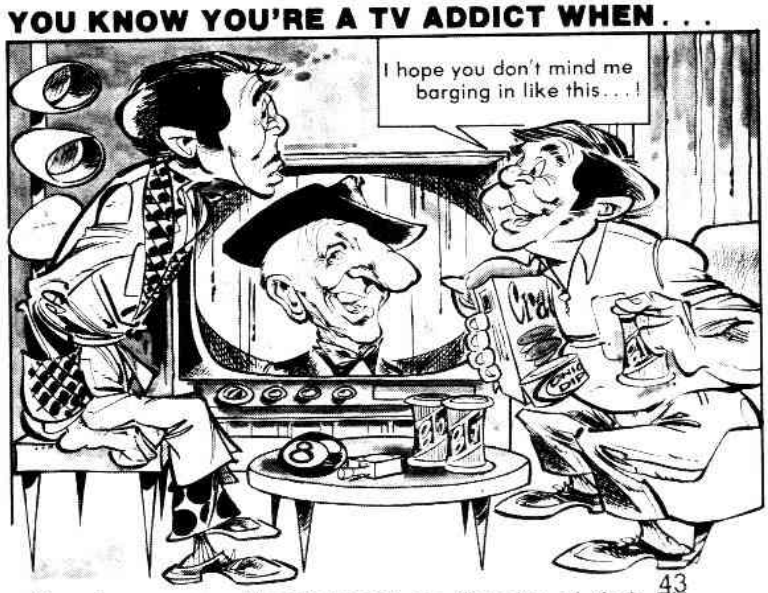
You own a television set for each channel. . . just so you don't miss anything!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .



You won't go to bed without hearing the final note of the National Anthem at sign-off!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN . . .



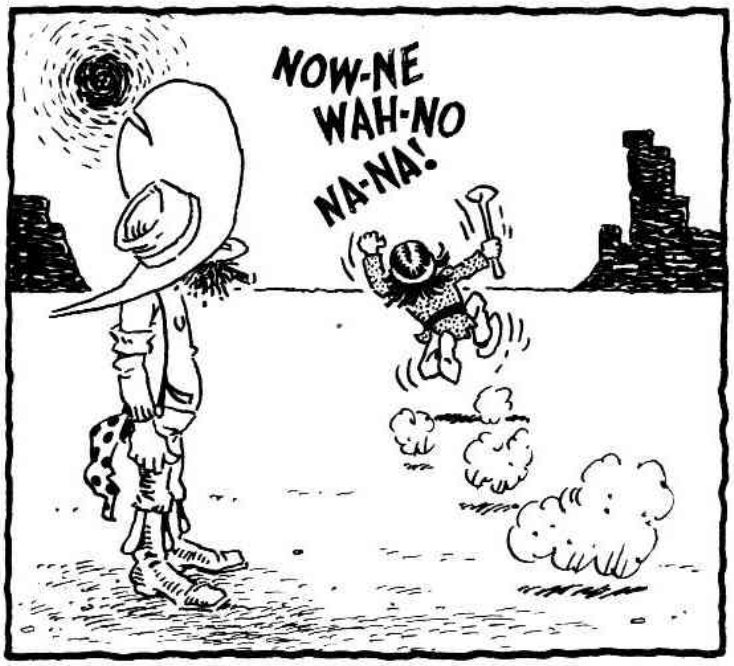
You choose your friends based on the size of their TV screens!

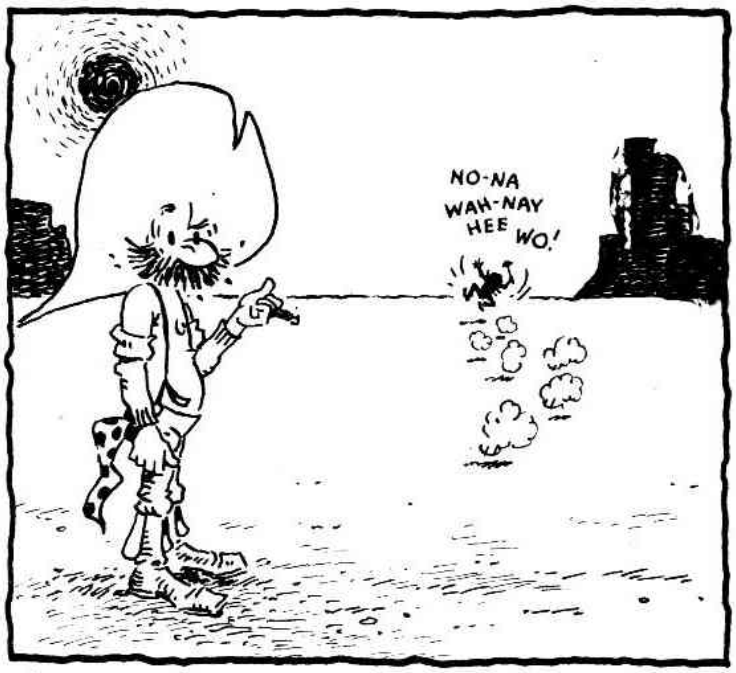
justinman@archive.org

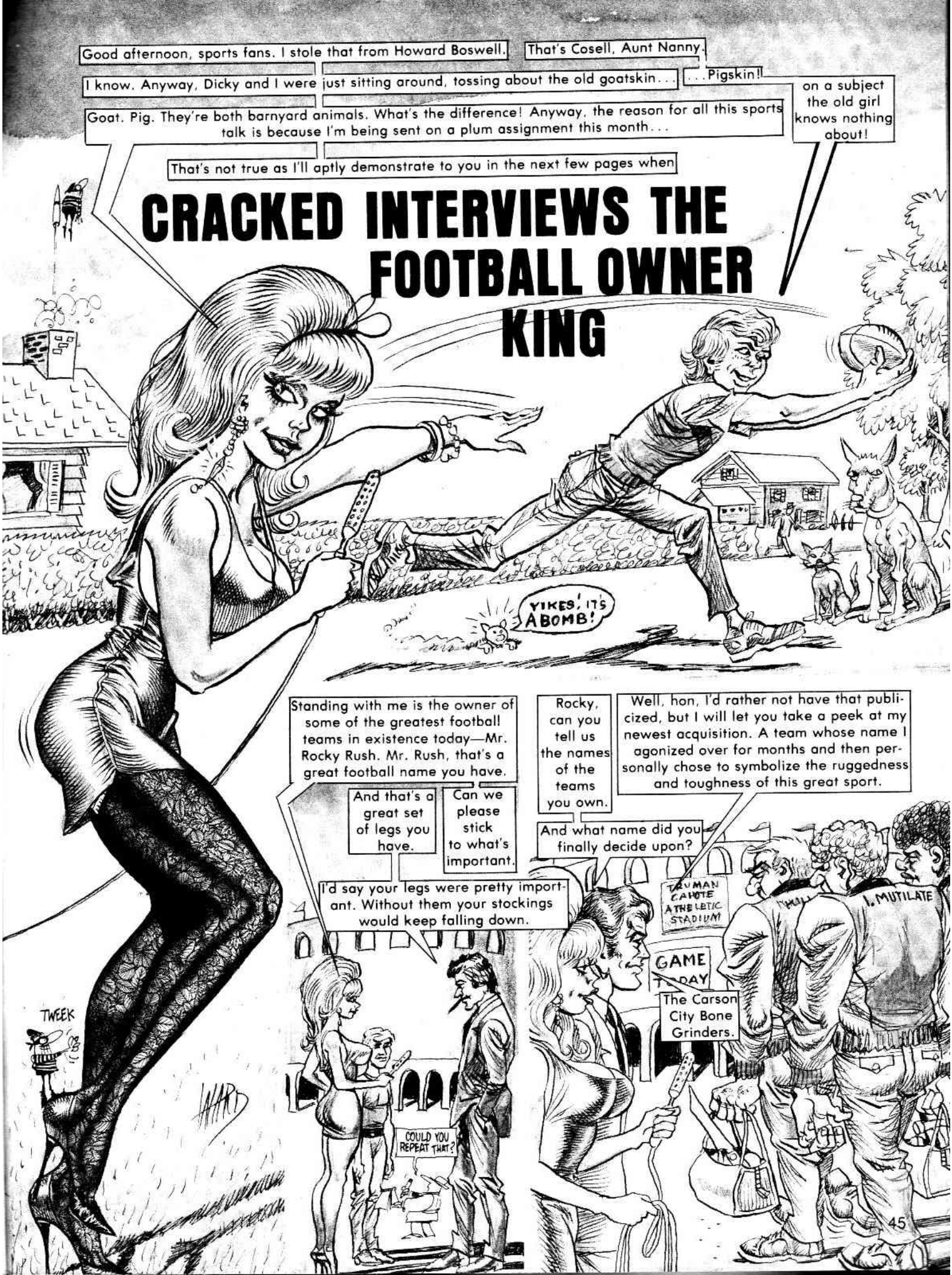
CRACK UPS!

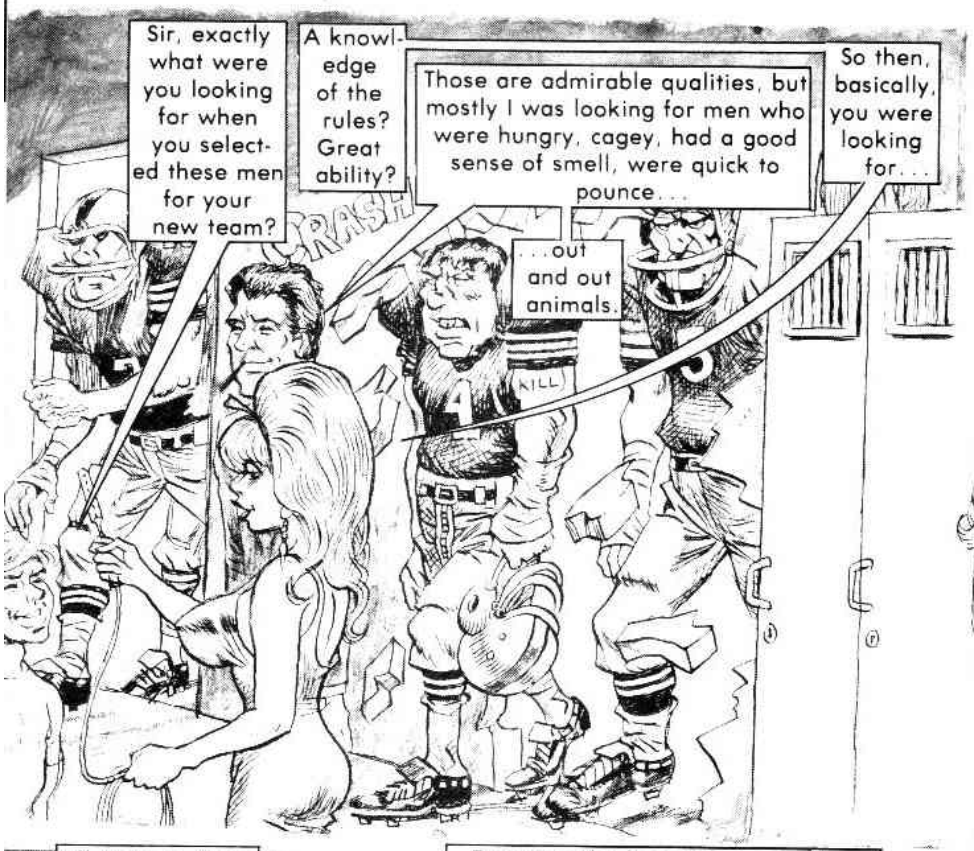
FEATURING:

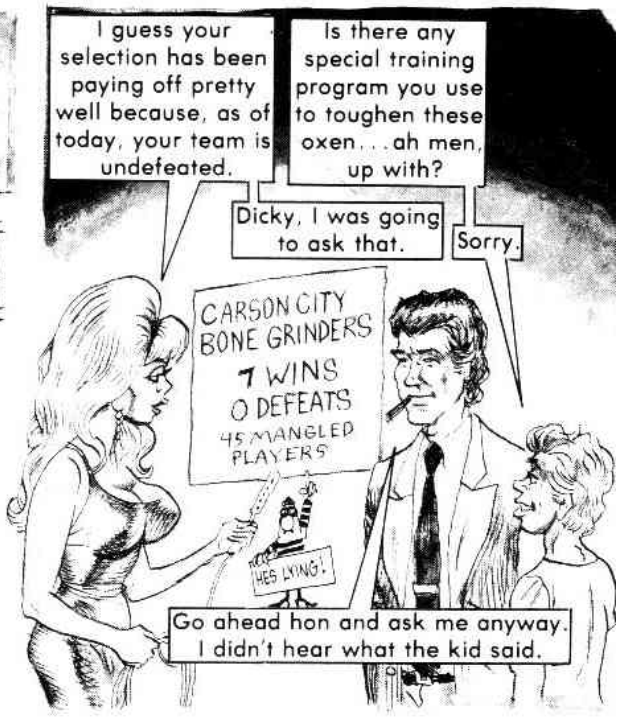
SAGEBRUSH





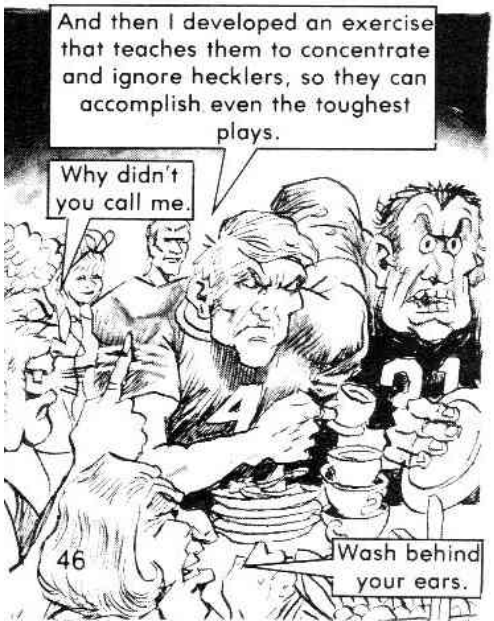

Good afternoon, sports fans. I stole that from Howard Boswell.
That's Cosell, Aunt Nanny.
I know. Anyway, Dicky and I were just sitting around, tossing about the old goatskin...
...Pigskin!
Goat. Pig. They're both barnyard animals. What's the difference! Anyway, the reason for all this sports talk is because I'm being sent on a plum assignment this month...
on a subject the old girl knows nothing about!
That's not true as I'll aptly demonstrate to you in the next few pages when
CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE FOOTBALL OWNER KING
YIKES! IT'S A BOMB!
Standing with me is the owner of some of the greatest football teams in existence today—Mr. Rocky Rush. Mr. Rush, that's a great football name you have.
And that's a great set of legs you have.
Can we please stick to what's important.
I'd say your legs were pretty important. Without them your stockings would keep falling down.
COULD YOU REPEAT THAT?
Rocky, can you tell us the names of the teams you own.
Well, hon, I'd rather not have that publicized, but I will let you take a peek at my newest acquisition. A team whose name I agonized over for months and then personally chose to symbolize the ruggedness and toughness of this great sport.
And what name did you finally decide upon?
TRUMAN CAPOTE ATHELETIC STADIUM
GAME TODAY
The Carson City Bone Grinders.
I. MUTILATE
TWEEK
HARD

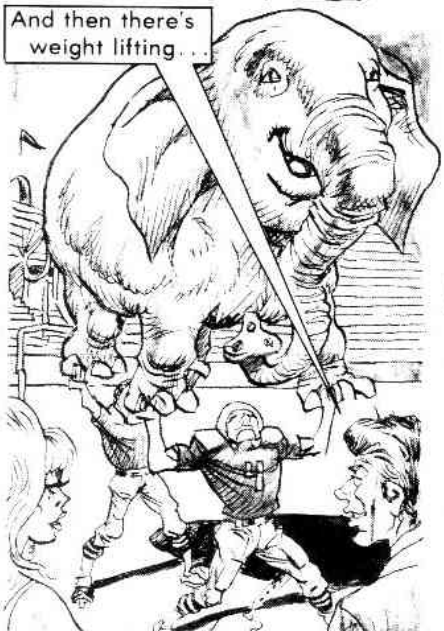

Sir, exactly what were you looking for when you selected these men for your new team?
A knowledge of the rules? Great ability?
Those are admirable qualities, but mostly I was looking for men who were hungry, cagey, had a good sense of smell, were quick to pounce...
So then, basically, you were looking for...
...out and out animals.
CRASH
KILL


I guess your selection has been paying off pretty well because, as of today, your team is undefeated.
Is there any special training program you use to toughen these oxen...ah men, up with?
Dicky, I was going to ask that.
Sorry.
CARSON CITY BONE GRINDERS
7 WINS
0 DEFEATS
45 MANGLED PLAYERS
HES LYING!
Go ahead hon and ask me anyway. I didn't hear what the kid said.

All right. Is there any special training program you use to toughen up these men?
Very good question. And the answer to that is yes. I believe if you pamper your men, you get wishy-washy players. But if you train them to be tough, you get tough.
For example, here are our rushing exercises. Tackling dummies were too soft. They didn't simulate the force of 3 or 4 men coming at you, so I developed this training device instead. It really toughens up a player.

CRUNCH
Of course, sometimes it can get pretty costly.


And then I developed an exercise that teaches them to concentrate and ignore hecklers, so they can accomplish even the toughest plays.
Why didn't you call me.
Wash behind your ears.


And then there's weight lifting...

Running in place...
FRISK FRISK

...And, of course, push ups.
10,000 LBS.

To make sure the players stay tough on the road, I have the out-of-town hotels assign special suites to them.
What about food?

Oh, they're allowed to eat some.
She means diet. Do you have them eating anything special?
TRAINING CENTER
Sure do.

When they're in training and on the road they eat cold egg rolls, overcooked cabbage, mushy kidney beans, chocolate pudding soup and an occasional raw piece of hamburger on a burnt roll.
Tastes disgusting too.
Sounds disgusting.
REMEMBER... MANGLE! MANGLE!
PHEW!

However, seven meals in a row of that stuff and you become really mean and irritable and that's what I want.
Gimme something decent to eat for a change or I'm gonna shove this ladle up your nose.
How about some baked string parmesan?
KILL DEAD

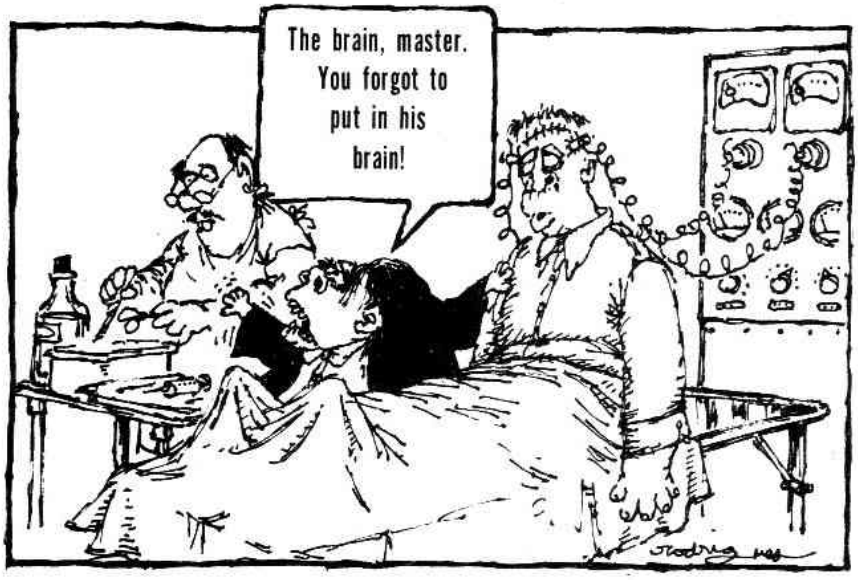
Put it all together and you get a well-psyched team that has the right pre-game attitude to win.
Kill!
Annihilate!
Maim!
CRACK-CRACK
I wanna hear bones crush out there.
Grrr!
BAD BREATH!
As we head to the stands to watch some of today's big game, would you care to comment about the violence said to be connected with the sport?
Well, Nanny, I'll be honest. Violence does exist. But, let's face it, when you only have 80,000 seats you're gonna have to expect some of the fans to get a little rowdy if they can't get a ticket.

No, I meant violence in the game. Just look at that tackle.
Yes, there is a little violence in the sport now and then, but then there's also violence on the six o'clock news and I ask you, does anyone try to stop that?
O-O-OFF!
PARDON MY HELMET
Well, if you cut out the violence in football, then there'd be that much less to show on the six o'clock news.
Shut-up kid and have a dog!
Whoops! It's half time and my team is down by 2 points. I gotta go back there and give them a little pep talk.
Can we watch?
Why not?
Nanny, the idea of this pep talk is to get the men's adrenaline flowing so they'll go out there and play better during the second half.
So what do you do? Tell them to get that ball, toughen up and win one for the gipper?
Heck no. You tell them...
LOCKER ROOM CELL # 40
Anyone who doesn't score today gets double servings of dinner tonight...
No!
...And got to shake hands with 2000 sticky cub scouts that I've invited back to the locker room after the game.
What are we waiting for! Let's go out there and cream those Texan whimps!
Look at them play. Your pep talk certainly worked.
Threaten them with the right things and you'll get results every time.

One other question. Does your stadium run any special promotions? Baseball has bat and helmet days.
Yes, Nanny. We have a special day in keeping with the spirit of the game. In fact, today is the promotion.
And what is it?
First-Aid Kit Day. Kids can look just like their favorite players after the game.
LOCKER ROOMS
ELECTRONIC SABOTEUR
Well, I must say, it appears that having these animal-like players has really paid off at the gate as well as in the winning.
There's another advantage too.
What's that?
I'll never lose a team member to a TV sports department or a career in commercials..
Good game.
...they're not bright enough to put more than 6 words together at any one time.
And my favorite soft drink is...ah...ah... sorry, but I can't read that word.
The word is "Pepsi." That's the name of the soft drink you're advertising, dork!
Oh.
Mean Joe Green he's not.
Pepsi Green
And this is Nanny Dickering saying so long, hoping you'll all join me again next time.
Why? You coming apart Aunt Nanny?
Would you get out of here.
I thought you liked ending with something funny.
I do. That's why I have you standing next to me.
Nice.

SHUT-UPS

THIS MONTH: MAD DOCTORS' MONSTERS!



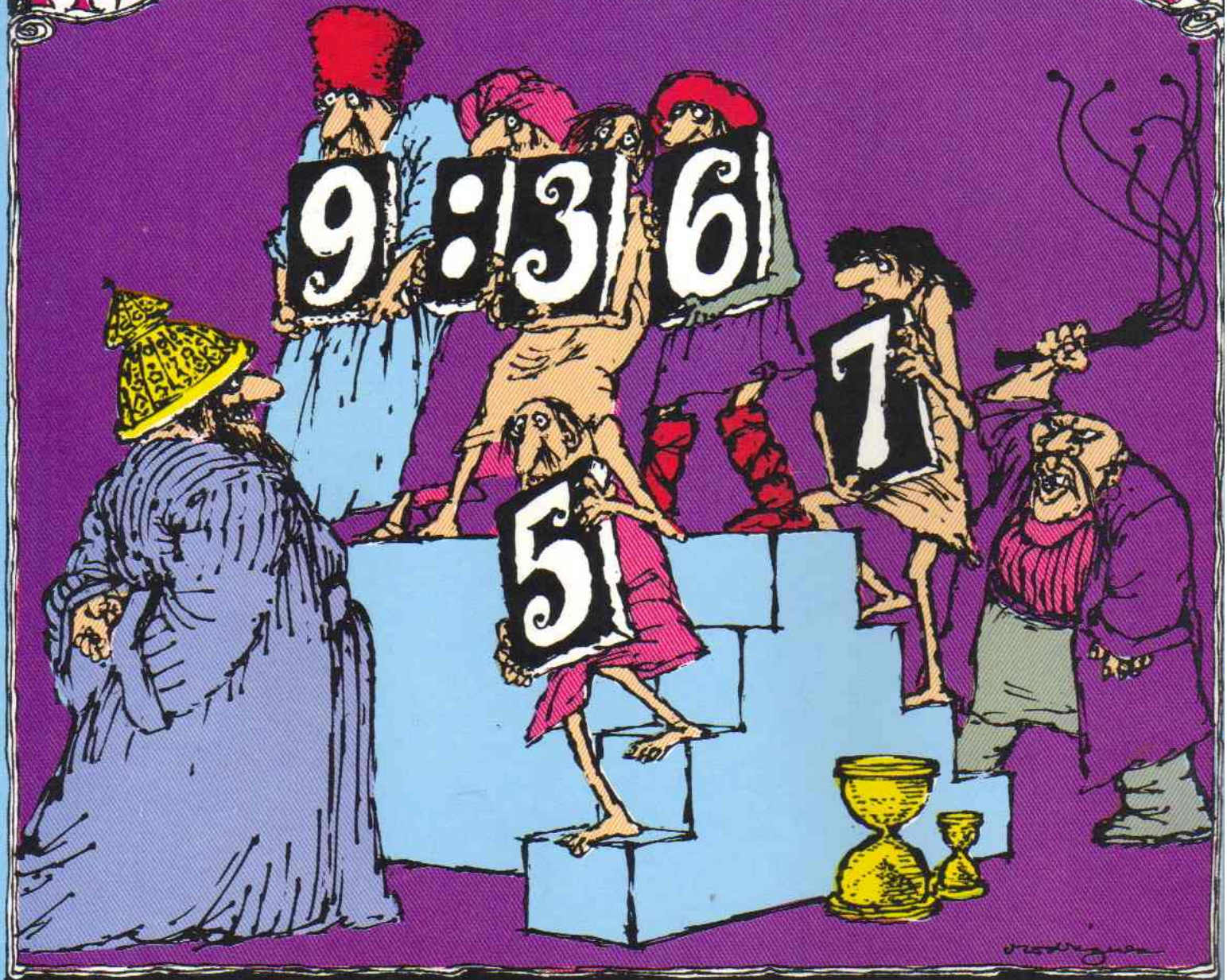
TO OPERATE:

- Walk three steps back from where wall scale is hanging
- Lean forward
- Place hands on the exclusive WALL SCALE® hand outlines
- Yell out your weight

(Fingers are digits. Get it?)

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

MOSCOW RUSSIA MAY 2, 1656



TSAR IVAN THE GRUESOME INTRODUCES

THE FIRST DIGITAL CLOCK